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LITERATURE.

Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, &c. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.)

WHATEVER critics who are philosophers may have determined as to the nature of poetry, the mere lover of poetry, inasmuch as he has never taken the pains to find the greatest common measure of the poems he loves, when he comes upon a new volume has no rule to apply, and so usually begins by asking the simple question whether there is good verse in it. Other beauties, if he is satisfied on this initial point, he will expect to discover presently; if he is not satisfied, he lays the book down. It is a cruel test, and the critics are naturally indignant. There are those who assure us that they can read all of Wordsworth with profit, and there are those who will admit of no selection among the lyrics of Shelley. But the lover of poetry goes his own way. And when he remembers how much the most accredited poets of the century have written that he finds unreadable simply because it is badly written, he will not be slow to acknowledge the enormous debt that on this first account he owes to Lord Tennyson. In so large a body of work as the Laureate's he very likely finds people and things that for various reasons do not interest him; but he does not find, or he finds so seldom that it makes no impression on his memory, verse that pains him to read because it is bad.

And the present volume is no exception in the proof it gives of Lord Tennyson's mastery of his art. For a writer who first published in the thirties to produce a great poem far on in the eighties is in itself a great achievement; but that this poem should be the continuation of one of the most popular poems of his youth is a still greater achievement. And it must be acknowledged that the "Locksley Hall" of to-day is not inferior in workmanship to the poem of forty years ago. There is the same ringing rhythm, the same strength and swing, the same ease and variety that delighted our fathers.

The hero of the early poem returns to Locksley Hall, after sixty years of absence, to attend the funeral of the man whom his cousin Amy had preferred to him and married, and whose character and degrading influence on his wife he had then painted in such dark colours. He himself had since married a wife "with all the charm of woman," "with all the breadth of man, strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith;" and with her he had lived forty years of happiness. But she is now dead, and he has lost besides his son—a sailor, who died gallantly at his post in a shipwreck—and his son's wife, who died of grief; and there remains to him now only a

grandson, who seems to have taken up with notions that are usually called agnostic, and who, at the time of the poem, is suffering—like his grandfather sixty years ago—the pangs of despised love. Amy had died in childbirth, and her child also was dead, so that this grandson is the heir to Locksley Hall.

In form, the poem, like its forerunner, is a monologue, but it is less fortunate in being addressed not to sea and sky but to the somewhat uninteresting grandson; and it is too great a strain on faith to imagine that this young Radical, whatever his respect for his grandfather, would have remained mute through so long a blaspheming of his idols.

The poem is throughout a palinode. In the first place Amy's choice is at least excused. Her husband turned out anything but a "clown."

"Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion—youthful jealousy is a liar."

* * * * *
Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men.
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drained the fen."

All Lord Tennyson's readers will be grateful for this revelation. Of course there is no reason why the hero of any poem should not be such as he is described; but when the poem is in monologue, unless—as in many of Mr. Browning's poems—there is much scenery and accessories, it is next to impossible to give full recognition to the dramatic personality. It is inevitable that much of the sentiments should be credited to the writer of the poem. And on many readers some of these have always jarred. The hero said so many fine things that we were half afraid we had to admire him even in his moods. His recantation is therefore most welcome.

But the story of Locksley Hall was only of secondary interest in the poem. The main things that have made it so popular are its "vision of the world and all the wonder that shall be." And here also, far more indeed than in the matter of Amy, we are relieved and grateful for the palinode. Here again there was no reason for taking the prophecies as the poet's rather than the hero's, but it was almost inevitable to do so. And to some people the ideal they contained seemed comparatively uninteresting, because it was not brought face to face with any difficult problem. "Optimism," it has been well said, "must be reached, if at all, not by the exclusion, but by the exhaustion of pessimism." And the hero of the earlier poem had not attained to his vision of sin.

Like Isaiah, he looked forward to the universal reign of peace and righteousness, and perhaps Isaiah, like him, antedated it; but Isaiah had cleared the ground by many "burdens" and "woes," he had looked the evils of the world steadily in the face, and denounced them, and, notwithstanding, believed in God and in man's capacity for goodness. The hero of Locksley Hall, on the other hand, was too much like the people who persisted in saying "a confederacy"; his faith in the future lay too much in "the march of mind, in the steamship, in the railway," the trader, and the knowledge of the sun's weight. It was inevitable that he

should be disillusioned, and it is most profitable for us that we should be allowed to know it.

But the palinode retains its dramatic character. It is the same hero who speaks; and like a man who has begun with the brightest hopes, through not taking account of the difficulties in the way, when his eyes are opened to some of them he forgets the counsel of the Preacher not to enquire the cause why the former days were better than these. Certainly the evils he points to are real evils. No one can condone the methods of agrarian agitation in Ireland, or the state of the "warrens of the poor," or the insufferable indecency of part of the public press. These are evils that require a prompt and unsparing knife. There are others equally regrettable but not so easy to cure—the extravagance of party spirit, the power of the tongue in a democracy, the decay of the sense of beauty. But it is surely well that all these evils should be pointed out in such trenchant verse by a poet so deservedly revered and so widely read as the Laureate. No one is likely, for instance, to forget such verses as these:

"Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?

"Kill your enemy, for you hate him," still,
"your enemy" was a man.

"Have we sunk below them? peasants main the helpless horse, and drive
Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

"Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers—burnt at midnight, found at morn,
Twisted hard in mortal agony with their offspring, born—unborn,

"Clinging to the silent Mother! Are we devils?
Are we men?
Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

"He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—whose pains are hardly less than ours!"

There are one or two points, however, on which one might not unreasonably wish that the dramatic prominence of the hero had been less. In a drama, of course, it is possible for everyone to weigh the worth of any opinion by reference to the general character of the speaker, which is sufficiently indicated otherwise; in a monologue this is more difficult, and, as a consequence, it is always matter of regret when opinions are expressed in rememberable verse which seem scarcely whole and sound. Which, for instance, of these couplets will remain longest in the memory?

"Plowmen, shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,"

or these scornful lines:

"Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre now,
Shall we hold them? Shall we loose them?
Take the suffrage of the plow."

And is it defensible to twist the Radical's demand for "equality" of rights into a statement that all men are "equal-born" (p. 17) in order to pour a very natural contempt upon it? But perhaps this is hypercriticism. We have great cause to be thankful that the poet should have thought it worth while to give us the palinode of age, and we have no right to grumble if the man

is still the son of the child. We will quote, in conclusion, a passage which, if we understand it aright, expresses the hero's, and perhaps the poet's, final conviction, that when science has done her best there still remains the problem of the possibility of science, of which science herself can give no account. It takes for its text the eighth Psalm which, beginning with the same dismay at the smallness of man's material significance, sees, nevertheless, that in his apprehension of the world he is proved "little lower than the angels."

"What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song,
Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

"While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

"Many an Aeon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Aeon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

"Earth so large, and yet so bounded—pools of salt, and plots of land—
Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountains, grains of sand!

"Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

"Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole."

The "Promise of May," which is here for the first time printed, received so much criticism when it was put upon the stage that it need not now be discussed at length. To people who are interested in the manners and habits of mind of country folk, it cannot fail to be interesting; for these are reproduced with faithful appreciation. But even Wordsworth did not attempt to write a rustic drama. "The thoughts that shake mankind," the heroic passions, may have their possibilities in the hearts "that tick in country kitchens," and may some day sway them, but it is not so yet. And so it is not for nothing that Shakspere has filled his stage with kings speaking great verse, and even in "The Winter's Tale" has kept his prose-speaking shepherds in the background. If we are to be raised above ourselves by the sight of our human nature in its strength and weakness, it must be by action on a grand scale, by catastrophe in which heroes perish, and for no contemptible faults. The microscope has its uses, but its revelations do not inspire the same awe as the firmament of stars. Mr. Edgar, in the present play, is not saved by his atheism from being a vulgar villain, who should be prosecuted. It is impossible to take the least interest in anything he says or does. The songs, however, are worthy of Tennyson's muse; and receiving such gems as these—"The Last Load Hoäm," and "The Promise of May," and, in its way, "Gee oop, whoa"—who would grumble at the setting?

H. C. BEECHING.

England's Case against Home Rule. By A. V. Dicey. (John Murray.)

To Prof. Dicey's previous work on the *Law of the Constitution* both Unionists and Home

Rulers have had frequent recourse. On the one side, he was called in support of the sovereignty of Parliament and the supremacy of the law; on the other side, to prove the subordination of the legal sovereignty of Parliament to the political sovereignty of the nation. It was natural, therefore, that he should seek directly to declare the opinion which he holds on a matter so near to his special study as the proposal of Home Rule for Ireland. For he cannot help knowing that his opinion carries weight. Not only as an English constitutional lawyer, but through his familiarity with the form and spirit of other systems of government than our own, he is entitled as one having authority to be heard on a great constitutional question. He claims moreover, and with reason, that there are considerable advantages in the position of any one who, standing outside the strife of parties, is not tempted to indulge in petty recriminations and rhetorical irrelevancies. From such failings Prof. Dicey's case is singularly free.

His case is a bold one. It is not merely that the House of Commons was right in rejecting the Government of Ireland Bill, but that Home Rule in any conceivable form whatever is a thing impossible. Federation would impair the supremacy of Parliament, by virtue of which, in point of pliability, power of development, and freedom of action, our constitution far excels that of the United States; without diminishing her responsibilities, it would weaken the power of Great Britain; and it would not generate goodwill between England and Ireland. The least objectionable form of Home Rule is Colonial independence; but the conditions of success are absent in the case of Ireland.

"The true reasons why the Colonial system, self-contradictory as it is in theory and unsatisfactory as it sometimes is in practice, has produced harmony between England and her dependencies, are that the Colonies are far distant and are prosperous, that they feel pride in their relation to the mother-country, that whilst contributing not a penny towards meeting Imperial burdens they derive valuable and valued benefits from the connexion with the Empire, and lastly that they are not in reality dependencies."

Immunity from Imperial taxation is the only condition that we could reproduce in making Ireland a colony. Gladstonian Home Rule combines and intensifies the disadvantages of Federalism and Colonialism, being inconsistent with the sovereignty of the British Parliament, presupposing an impossible harmony of action between the two countries, and giving no promise of settlement. According to Prof. Dicey, these projects are not only hopelessly bad, but they are based on a misconception of the real cause of Irish discontent. It is agrarian rather than national; and being so, it can be dealt with better, because more justly, by a united than by an Irish Parliament. Even, however, if Home Rulers are right in saying that recognition of nationality is what the Irish seek, the demand can be satisfied, if at all, not by Home Rule, but by independence. Our true policy then is either separation or maintenance of the Union; and though something can be said for the former (and Prof. Dicey says it fairly), the latter is our manifest duty. But it is essential to

success that, while resolutely enforcing the law, we strenuously endeavour to make the law itself coincide with morality and humanity. It is a task of supreme difficulty, and yet England should not shrink from it.

The argument which ends in these conclusions is worked out with singular logical skill and precision, and in a spirit of grave impartiality. Now and then Prof. Dicey pushes his criticism too far, as where, in speaking of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, he suggests that "the substitution of the name 'Irish Legislature,' or 'Legislature of Ireland,' for the plain intelligible term Irish Parliament, involves something like political cowardice." This is hardly just. Is not "legislature" the regular term in statutes relating to colonial assemblies? The case of Canada, I think, is the only exception; but the British North America Act, while it speaks of the Parliament of Canada, speaks also of the provincial legislatures. From the Gladstonian point of view "legislature," not "parliament," is the apt term for Ireland. This, however, is as far as possible from indicating the general tone of Prof. Dicey's criticism, which is fair, candid, and even-tempered. He speaks as a strong advocate who feels he has a strong case. And within certain limits it is a strong case, having nearly every quality except that of being convincing.

A literary journal is not the place for stating in detail where it breaks down; especially as the difference between Prof. Dicey and the advocates of Home Rule is mainly a difference as to facts. They part from him at the outset in believing that we are confronted with something more than an agrarian revolt, and that the national feeling has taken strong hold of the Irish people. Evidence from the condition of Ireland in De Beaumont's time, or from the Repeal agitation or the Young Ireland movement, barely touches the real point, which is that the whole situation has changed within the last twenty years. Prof. Dicey adds to this evidence little more than an expression of opinion. There is a similar weakness in his arguments for the Union. That there would be many and great advantages in a Union which worked smoothly and justly, nobody will question; and if politics were a game of chess, if we had not to deal with human passion, if we had any faith even in our own capacity of doing justice, the controversy might be at an end. But if we have such faith, it is the faith which has been defined as a belief in things which we know to be untrue. Our hand is not free. Irish agitation will not burn itself out. And, so long as it is in flame, who can believe that the fitful, half-hearted action of an English Parliament can ever establish law-abidingness in Ireland? As each year of failure has passed by, that which was difficult before has grown to be impossible. But Home Rule, it is said, is an unworkable scheme. Unworkable it will be if any powerful portion of the people are determined that it shall not work; and there is not a constitutional system of which the same has not been said. "In Ireland, however, there are peculiar causes of discord." Most true. "They will prevent our plan of Home Rule from being a final settlement." It is perfectly possible. But surely there has been too great insistence on finality. In face of impending social troubles,

we shall have gained much if we tide over the immediate future, till experience teach us the final form of Irish independence. Prof. Dicey is too just to claim finality for his own policy.

"If the time should come when the effort to maintain the unity of the State is too great for the power of Great Britain, or the only means by which it is found maintainable are measures clearly repugnant to the humanity or the justice or the democratic principles of the English people—if it should turn out that after every effort to enforce just laws by just methods our justice itself, from whatever cause, remains hateful to the mass of the Irish people—then it will be clear that the Union must for the sake of England, no less than of Ireland, come to an end."

The case against the Union is that we are face to face with this very state of things. Then, says Prof. Dicey, let us have separation; and from the purely English point of view he may be right. Be this as it may, separation is the only alternative to Home Rule. To make this clear was not the purpose, but, as it seems to me, will be the effect, of his strong and subtle advocacy of a lost cause.

G. P. MACDONELL.

Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Eric S. Robertson. (Walter Scott.)

The publisher of the "Canterbury Poets" and the "Camelot Classics" has entered upon a new and equally worthy enterprise in a series of brief biographies of "Great Writers." The purpose of this series is stated to be "to furnish the public with interesting and accurate accounts of the men and women notable in modern literature." Such a scheme, if well carried out, merits success. To be able to obtain the chief facts of a famous writer's life in convenient form for a shilling will prove a convenience to a vast number of persons whose means are much smaller than their desire for knowledge. Taking the present volume as a sample of the series, the size is handy and the print excellent; but the design on the cover is exceedingly unbecoming. The publisher was ill-advised when he departed from the rigid simplicity of those dark-blue covers which make his "Camelot Classics" so inviting.* The bibliography prepared by Mr. John F. Anderson, of the British Museum, is a good feature; and the table of contents is unusually ample, but does not obviate the necessity for an index.

In my review of the *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, by his brother (ACADEMY, April 10, 1886, p. 247), I expressed the opinion that the price of that valuable work would be the only obstacle to its wide circulation, and that an edition published at 3s. 6d. would sell by tens of thousands. The initial volume of the present series cannot be said to supply the place of such an edition; but Mr. Robertson has, at any rate, made the most of his opportunity in that direction. Longfellow succeeded in touching the hearts of the people in a way and to a degree almost without parallel, and has been, and is, the friend and inspirer of numberless people everywhere. That they should be glad to know something of his private "walk and conversation" is

natural; and the present work will, to a great extent, supply the want. Startling new facts about the career or character of Longfellow were not to be looked for here; but Mr. Robertson has made good use of his ample materials. His facts are well chosen and well marshalled. His style is easy and usually graceful, though now and again he lapses into phrases which are certainly not elegant, such as

"The town was in excitement and the little boys had high times" (p. 15).

"The hair could still be seen in curls on the older polls" (p. 16).

"Which is reckoned to throw" (p. 41).

"He had growingly felt" (p. 104).

"In London he was pulled about by all the celebrated people" (p. 165).

The passage in which it is said of Walt Whitman that "he is a Hebrew bard translated to the American backwoods, where he has turned himself inside out, thence going on to study pantheism on the quays of New York," cannot be commended for its accuracy of construction, its grace of imagery, or its profundity of thought.

Mr. Robertson is mildly, but for his present purpose quite sufficiently, critical. His criticism, so far as it goes, is usually good, but, like his style, it is a little unequal. For "Excelsior" he has an especial aversion, and this is what he says about it:

"If I may express my thoughts on the matter plainly, I must say that I grudge the piece its success and wish it had never been written. The opinion has been advanced that the public are the best judges of a ballad; but 'Excelsior' is not a ballad. A ballad deals with the doings or sufferings of real men, women, or children—or supernatural beings worked by human passions—and about such doings and sufferings, if these are fit for a ballad, and appeal to elementary emotions, the common people are competent to judge. But in 'Excelsior' we have for hero a cranky lad who is not flesh, fish, fowl, or spirit. Were he of human flesh, his madcap notion of scaling a mountain with the purpose of getting to the sky would be simply drivelling lunacy, and if he did undertake his Alpine climb, it would be difficult for him to select any peak on the slopes of which he would be likely to encounter so much good company. De Quincey somewhere relates that a young genius once climbed to the summit of Skiddaw, and there lay down with his face to the sky and expired, by mere act of will. This was a demented boy, who at least knew what he was about to do; but Longfellow's boy would be fairly brought to a standstill on the summit. It would be absurd to suppose him a spirit instead of flesh and blood, for no spirit would be so silly as to climb a snowy mountain for nothing."

"This kind of criticism," Mr. Robertson adds, "may seem puerile." It certainly does.

The character of my fault-finding will already have made manifest to the reader that Mr. Robertson's book, taken as a whole, is a good one. If it were not a good book, such faults and flaws as I have pointed out would not have been perceived. As it is, they stand out with some prominence by contrast with the general excellence of the work.

Longfellow attempted more than one drama; but nothing he ever wrote was really fitted for the stage. In 1881 "The Masque of Pandora" was played at Boston; but it was a failure. He was good at narrative, but singularly deficient in dramatic power. Refer-

ring more particularly to "The Spanish Student," Mr. Robertson remarks that

"there are some capital bits of description strewed through the 'play'; but we must agree with Poe that 'The Spanish Student' is not a play at all. In this instance, as in every case in which Longfellow attempted the construction of a plot in acts, he continually loses control of the dramatic action by lapsing into mere narrative."

It is difficult to determine whether "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha" is, in Mr. Robertson's opinion, the greater poem. He speaks with much enthusiasm of both. "Evangeline," he says, is "a poem which should confer on Longfellow the title of 'golden-mouthed' that was given once to Bishop Jeremy Taylor"; and he remarks that "it is hard to believe that 'Hiawatha' will not live in the admiration of posterity as long as any poem of this age." Nevertheless, though "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are Longfellow's masterpieces, while "Miles Standish" is inferior only to these, Longfellow's popularity must continue to rest on those more or less didactic pieces (including the abused "Excelsior") which, while they offend the scholarly critic, touch the heart and the moral sense of the populace. These pieces are the most real things Longfellow has written. They are not studies of history or tradition, but bits of his own life, so to speak. "Footsteps of Angels" commemorated his first wife—

"... that being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven"—

and his brother-in-law and intimate friend, George Pierce. "Resignation" refers to his daughter Fanny who died in infancy. It is not necessary to point out that "The Children's Hour" and some other pieces are pictures drawn from his own fireside. In like manner, he spoke his inmost thoughts and aspirations in "The Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," and "The Village Blacksmith." As Mr. Robertson says:

"He who has written verses that are committed to heart by millions for the gladdening of their lives must have written much that is true poetry; and, although he is not necessarily among the twelve greatest poets of the world, he is incontestably a great benefactor and a great man."

While Longfellow was at college, his future career undecided, he once wrote to his father, "I will be eminent in something"; and to be eminent as "a great benefactor and a great man" would have been of all forms of eminence the most precious to him.

WALTER LEWIN.

Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne.
Vol. II. (1707-10). Edited by C. E. Doble. (Oxford Historical Society.)

THE warm welcome extended to the first volume of Tom Hearne's collections will be continued to its successor; for the contents of his note-books, far from falling off in interest, increase in attraction as they proceed. The Oxford antiquary is always poring over the writings of the learned, or prosecuting his enquiries into the lives and characters of the writers themselves. If any of his con-

* Since this was written we have seen another copy in a binding altogether satisfactory.

temporaries at Oxford or London enters into the world of authorship, Hearne is speedily on his track, and the fruits of his investigations are garnered into his diaries. Prejudiced up to the eyes as this bookworm of book-worms is, even the least of the sympathisers with his ecclesiastical or political opinions cannot refrain from admiring the disinterestedness of his labours. His whole thoughts were centered in the success of his principles, or in the advancement of learning; and he pursued his course with unflagging spirit, although his means at home were but scant and his enemies at the university took advantage of his sympathies with the vanquished cause to hinder his advancement. The antiquarian treatises which he edited, the precursors of publications issued in our days under the authority of the Master of the Rolls with all the resources of the state at his back, have long caused the name of Tom Hearne to be honoured by the studious in every clime; but for the future he will have even greater claims on our veneration. The collections now being edited with singular zeal by Mr. Doble team with information on the careers of the literary men among whom he lived, or concerning whom he could obtain any facts from those older than himself. When the contents of all his note-books shall have been published by the Oxford Historical Society, the series will only be surpassed in biographical value, if they be surpassed at all, by the *Athenae Oxonienses* of Antony Wood, or by the literary collections of John Nichols, who was able to add to his own knowledge by drafts on the contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. If it was a pleasure for Hearne to write up his note-books from day to day, it is none the less a pleasure for Mr. Doble to transcribe and to annotate them. Everyone who reads the original notes of this Oxford student should turn to the illustrations which the editor has supplied from the printed or the MS. literature of the period. In the few lines of introduction which Mr. Doble has prefixed, he draws the attention of the curious to the value of the Rawlinson and Ballard MSS. at the Bodleian Library, and from these sources his notes have been largely enriched. The industry of the editor is worthy of the diarist; and for the future, when mention is made of the biographical collections of Hearne, another name will be associated with his.

The flames of Hearne's wrath never burnt more fiercely than during these three years, and the reputations of some of his compeers are consumed in the fires of his hatred. Dr. Lancaster, the provost of Queen's College and vice-chancellor of the university, may be considered his pet aversion, but he is run hard in the race by Milles, the Bishop of Waterford. On the first page of these remarks the former is dubbed "a second *Smooth-boots*"; and his name, as often as it is mentioned in the diaries, never occurs without the addition of some contemptuous phrase. "A noted old sinner of London" is the graphic summing up of the character of Sir Basil Firebrace; and on the next page a sermon by a fellow of Merton is dismissed as "a poor sniveling discourse, though cryed up by some mean pitiful Fellows." Few names are more respected now than that of Thomas Bray, who laboured energetically for the

establishment of parochial libraries, but in the opinion of Hearne "he is a very conceited person." Yalden, though his works are included in Johnson's poets, is now forgotten; but even his Toryism in politics and his High-Church principles in doctrine did not prevent his being labelled as "a little effeminate fantastical person." If Sir Robert Clayton, a city knight, whose banquets in his mansion in the Old Jewry have been glorified by Macaulay, left a large slice of his wealth for charitable uses, Hearne did not hesitate to add that the gifts were "to attone for his way of getting it, which was, he being but a scrivener by trade, *per opus et usus*." Several of the Whig bishops fare equally badly at Hearne's hands. Kennet and Burnet were the objects of his scorn throughout his life. Nicolson, the antiquarian Bishop of Carlisle, whose zeal for antiquity should have endeared him to Hearne, is the subject of a very caustic notice. When an undergraduate he was "a very drunken idle Fellow"; when master of arts he was selected by Moses Pitts, a bookseller of the period, to draw up an English atlas, but "'tis carelessly done, being nothing more than a hasty transcript, out of other authors whom he never mentions"; as Archdeacon of Carlisle he "most shamefully renounced good honest principles, courting the favour of the Logger-head of Lambeth"—the last phrase being a pleasant synonym for Archbishop Tenison. Gibson, afterwards the Bishop of London, and Potter, who was destined to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, are rarely mentioned without some depreciatory comment. "Pitiful, sneaking, whining Puritan," "staunch Whig and loose debauchee," are among the choice phrases scattered through these pages. The character of Dr. Stanhope, the Dean of Canterbury, might have been deemed proof against the invectives of Hearne; but he "married a young wife, daughter to Capt. Wager," afterwards well-known as Sir Charles Wager, the political ally of Walpole, and Hearne seized the occasion to denounce the whole tribe of Stanhope's co-enthusiasts in religion.

"Such a strong inclination have the Low Church tribe to Flesh and blood, than even old age itself, the highest advance in the church and the strongest Tyes of conscience will not engage them to a strict rigorous Piety, but they are resolved to give the greatest scandal."

In ferocity of expression Hearne has but one rival, and that rival is his contemporary Le Neve, the annotator of the English knights created from Charles II. to Queen Anne.

The biographer will gather from Hearne's notes many particulars on the lives of the writers of this age. One of the earliest entries in this volume records that "Dr. Walter Charleton has sent down to the Publick Library his book about animals, . . . in which are a great number of MS. Additions, which seem to be curious," and adds that the author was very old as well as in great want. A few weeks later his death is mentioned "about ninety years of age, in very poor Circumstances," with a note of regret that the expected contribution from the university did not reach the poor old physician before his death. Dr. Woodward was another of the friends and correspondents of Hearne, and the genuineness of the ancient shield which the doctor had acquired is a

subject of frequent discussion. When the death of "Tom Tanner's wife, daughter to the Bishop of Norwich," is mentioned, the curtain is drawn from that antiquary's married life; and the hindrance which she caused to his industry is graphically expressed, with the addition of a pious hope that "it may be he may now take to [the edition of] Leland, which he promised long since." The skeleton in one antiquary's cupboard points to the horrors of a second chamber in the household of another explorer into antiquity; but the tone is now that of gladness at the prospect instead of sorrow. "Dr. Kennett has been married thrice," says Hearne. "His present wife wears the breeches, and manages him as his haughty, insolent Temper deserves." A third aversion then comes into the head of the Oxford diarist, and in his vigorous language he adds, "Twould be no hurt if Milles (or Mulles, as our Christ Church Friends style him) had such a wife to carry him now and then." Hearne was thoroughly imbued with the patriotic feeling that his own countrymen were equal, if not superior, to the foreigners in learning as well as in warfare. The rumour that Marlborough and Godolphin intended to import some "Foreigners or men of the best note for learning beyond sea and to plant them here in England," finds place in his note-books, but only to be followed by the objections that the strangers would bring "ill principles" in their train, and that our own men, if properly encouraged, would make as good, if not better, scholars. A fitting corollary to this passage is the statement on a later page that Kuster has dedicated his *Aristophanes* to Lord Halifax, the *Bufo* of Pope's verse, and that the editor "has received a present of two hundred guineas for his dedication, such a profound respect have we for foreigners, and such lavish rewards have they for slight performances!"

The brief mention (p. 18) of an Oxford visitor brings to mind one of the most loveable characters of the last century—a reminiscence which I refer to as well for its own sake as that it is almost the sole instance in the thousands of names mentioned by Hearne during these years in which Mr. Doble has not added the precise illustration which the reader could desire. A casual visitor, Mr. Topham, of Windsor, came to the Public Library in June, 1707; and is then praised by Hearne as "a gentleman who has years over his head, a man of a strong body, a lover of learning and a collector of good and curious books." The name of this estimable gentleman survives for all time in the Christian name of *Topham Beauclerk*, to whom his fortune ultimately came; and it is probable that the collections of the old book-fancier fired the imagination of Dr. Johnson's friend, and formed the nucleus of the admirable library which Beauclerk was constantly augmenting by his purchases. If this gay devotee of society and books was one of the best-loved men of his age, Hugh Peters has come down to our own times in popular estimation as an iconoclast without a redeeming virtue. Public opinion has erred in this, as in many other judgments; and it is gratifying to find that Hearne has recorded another proof of the liberality of Peters by printing a long list of the benefactors to Uni-

versity College with the entry of "Hugh Peters, £10, 1656." Sacheverell is another political priest whose character very few—and our Oxford diarist is no exception to the general rule—have been found to designate in terms of praise. Some scathing expressions, decently shrouded in Latin, were applied to him by Hearne in August 1709; and even after the doctor had preached his celebrated sermons; the imprudence of some of the expressions in them was cited with the candid addition that "it is thought by divers honest men that his sincerity is not to be rely'd upon." The compilers of our new national dictionary should take note of the remark (p. 339) on Sacheverell's popularity, that "when he took coach at Westminster Hall some persons were so impudent (to speak in the canting phrase) as to huzza him."

More instances than one are recorded in this volume of the thoroughness with which Hearne prosecuted his enquiries on the Oxford men of the period. There are sheafs of notes gathered together, good specimens of which occur on pp. 48, 49, and 60, on the writings of the men with whom he had been personally acquainted, or of whose lives he had gleaned particulars from forgotten tracts and pamphlets. The students of to-day can see into Hearne's very workshop; can follow the queries which were to be solved; can note the additional sources of information in print or in MS. which were to be consulted. When the Oxford student's single-mindedness of purpose is brought home to the reader's mind—and not many pages will be perused before Hearne's honesty will be clearly revealed to him—his prejudices will be forgiven. The inestimable value of these notes to those interested in biographical literature naturally suggests the enquiry: When will some zealous spirits at Cambridge organise a similar society for the publication of Cole's anecdotes of his contemporaries?

W. P. COURTNEY.

School of Forest Engineers in Spain, indicative of a Type for a British National School of Forestry. By J. Croumble Brown. (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.)

This is in some respects a very singular book. The author, with great pains and trouble, has compiled a history of the School of Forest Engineers in Spain. He has studied its successive modifications, visited its museums and its gardens. He gives details of their contents, describes each tree cultivated, catalogues the library, registers the tools, translates literally (sometimes so baldly as to be well-nigh unintelligible) all the regulations and the whole programme of studies. He dwells with approval on the encyclopaedic character of the studies, which if really carried out would make a Spanish forest engineer almost the best educated man in Europe. He delights in "the comprehensive views of what is comprised in forest science," which includes the mission of a forest engineer to report on the zoological station of Naples. He contrasts the paucity of works on forestry in English with the 1,126 works on forest science in Spanish. He tells us the number of professors and their salaries, but says nothing of how many students are taught by them, nor of the age of entry;

and apparently he has never thought of asking what has been the practical result and outcome of the whole institution. Two instances only are given of practical work, in pine forests, both of which ended in failure. The actual trial was on a very small scale, and the calculations are made by that illusory rule of three which has produced so many deceptions in agriculture. At Villanueva, where the product of the resin seems to have been really measured, it was 1.2 litre per tree. At Valladolid, "assuming then, as a starting-point, that there is obtained from each pine 3 kilogrammes of rough turpentine [i.e., resin], which we do not consider to be at all an extravagant assumption" (though nearly three times as much as actually produced at Villanueva), "94,000 trees should give 282 metrical tons." Even on this assumption the cost of resin at Valladolid is 57 frs. 50 cents, at Dax 44 frs.; delivered at Barcelona, the French resin costs 57.90, the Spanish, 65.25. Hereupon follows the usual outcry for protection of the native industry!

Now we do not wish in the least to decry the literary results of the Spanish School of Forest Engineers. We have read with admiration many of the articles, memoirs, reports, &c., of Señors Alvarez Sereix, Laguna, Jordana, Maceira, and others. They furnish admirable expositions of what is done in forestry in other countries. Few works of descriptive and geographical botany and forestry in any language are more agreeably written. The advantages of the conservation of forests are admirably depicted therein. As scientific literature Spain may well be proud of such writings. But, we ask, what has been the practical result of the school in the actual administration of the forests. Alas! as in so many other things in Spain, there has been almost the widest possible divorce between the legislative programme and its execution. Practically, in many cases, the outcome of all this literary and scientific zeal has been sterility or worse. The evidence seems overwhelming in this respect. Since its first inception the school has been in existence nearly forty years. One would have thought that one of its earliest works would have been to make at least an approximate survey of the forests committed to its charge. Señor Camacho, as is well known, lately proposed the sale of these forests. The estimates of their extent differ as much as three to one. The engineers of the school afford no trustworthy information. The scientific *cadastre* of the forests remains unfinished, while the old rough and ready modes of measurement by the parish *concejos* have been abandoned. The real assignment of contracts of sale of timber is more or less under the political management of the provincial government chiefs; while the police of the forests, formerly administered by local authorities and guards, who were, at least, to some extent interested in the preservation of them, has been made over to the *guardia civil*. These harass the villagers for infraction of regulations which have been seven times changed since 1868, and the object of which, in many cases, nobody understands. At the same time, by reason of the political head of the district being independent of the School of Forestry, the door has been thrown open to far greater abuses in connexion with electioneering and

party purposes. The system has thus converted those who were the guardians of the forest into their greatest destroyers. While great difficulties are thrown in the way of purchasers of standing timber, except by politically favoured contractors, the purchase of dead timber is much more easy; the consequence is, we are assured, that "even respectable men and of the best social position are turned into incendiaries." Of all kinds of landed property the profitable administration of forests depends most on local circumstances. The conditions of one climate or country do not apply to another. These, too, are complicated in Spain by a vast number of peculiar tenures, by ancient traditional customs, and rights of pasture and wood, which, however singular they may appear at the first glance, often worked well in practice. They have now been swept away by the forest regulations, and nothing really put in their place. The result has too often been increased facility for political corruption, and irritation of the provinces against the central government. On really mountainous ground we believe that no central administration can succeed without the willing co-operation of the inhabitants of the district. Irritate them, and no amount of scientific administration will compensate for their hostility. The work of decades or even of centuries may be destroyed in a few hours, and this without a chance of discovering the perpetrators of the mischief.

In order that the reader may see that our strictures are not wholly exaggerated, we transcribe from pages 62 and 63 some of the specifications required for a contract to build a forester's house to cost 7474.02 pesetas, about £300:

"Specifications of a tariff of different wages to be allowed to different kinds of workmen; of charges for means of transport of materials, including drivers; and for lading, transporting, and discharging the loads, based on the cubic measure of the whole, or by cubic metre per kilometre of distance; of payments to be made for excavating earth, according to specified unit of measurement; a statement of the average distance of transport from different localities, with accounts of the quality of the materials yielded by each, the conditions in which these exist, and that of the state of the roads from those to the site of the building, &c., &c."

Can the pedantry of the school go farther? No wonder the local workman complains that he cannot understand it all. Is this the kind of work that Dr. Brown desires to introduce into Great Britain? We wish him fullest success in his endeavours to establish a school of forestry in Edinburgh, only we ask him to look a little at the practical results, and not merely adopt wholesale the programme of the school which he may select as his model.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Baldine, and other Tales. By Karl Erdmann Edler. Translated by the Earl of Lytton. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Green Hills by the Sea. A Manx Story. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Outsider. By Hawley Smart. In 2 vols. (White.)

Roland Blake. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Brueton's Bayou. By John Habberton. (Chatto & Windus.)

Bertha's Revenge. By Ethel M. Villiers Forbes. (Bevington.)

Kintail Place: a Tale of Revolution. By the Author of "Dorothy: an Autobiography." (Sonnenschein.)

LORD LYTTON has earned the gratitude of all lovers of beautiful and genuinely imaginative work by his translation of three of the tales of Karl Erdmann Edler, and by an introductory essay, which is as fine in criticism as it is fervid in enthusiasm. Nor do the tales themselves discredit the fervour of the introduction, but, on the contrary, justify it abundantly. Edler seems to be little known in England even to those who read German, but Lord Lytton's volumes can hardly fail to inspire both admiration for what they contain and curiosity to know more of the work of the author of *Baldine*. The translator compares these stories to Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse* and to Hans Andersen's *Märchen*, because, as he justly says, "though written in prose, they belong, in all essentials, to the province of poetry." In this one respect, of course, Hawthorne and Andersen may be classed together, and Edler may be classed with them; but there are great differences between the artistic individualities of the American and the Danish writer, and Edler resembles the former much more closely than the latter. He differs from Andersen just in the same way that Lord Lytton shows him to differ from writers of the school of La Motte Fouqué and Hoffmann, by consistently abstaining from the supernatural, the grotesque, or the unduly fanciful, and keeping to the firm ground of fact and human nature. Edler is an artistic idealist, but his idealism is in his treatment. His matter is real enough and has the interest of vividly apprehended reality. Real nature, real children, real men and women—these are his themes; but in his books the real is transfigured as it is by moonlight—transfigured and made poetic, but never unrecognisable for what it is. The opening pages of *Baldine*, for example, make us feel that we are approaching the boundaries of the actual—so extra-mundane is the whole atmosphere; but we never cross them, never lose the homely companionship of genuine human beings and emotions. Perhaps this story of the lonely child, whose new-born soul is killed out of her by the supposed injustice of Heaven and is revived again by a new love and Heaven's mercy, is the most impressive of the three tales; but choice is very difficult. There is in "Notre Dame de Flots" a profundity of pathos and in "A Journey to the Grossglockner Mountain" an exquisiteness of grace which forbid the hasty settlement of any such question of precedence. But whatever question there may be about such minor points there can be no question that Edler is a master; and that Lord Lytton's translation, modestly as he speaks of it, is, at any rate, adequate enough to enable us to appreciate his mastery.

The Green Hills by the Sea contains so many absurdities, both of character and situation, that an acrid reviewer would find it very easy to prove the book altogether worth-

less. Shapeless it is, worthless it is not, for the number of its absurdities is quite equalled by the number of its good points; but Mr. Davidson has to learn that fiction is an art in which form is the one thing needful, and that good points do not make a good novel. It is certainly unfortunate that chief among the absurdities is the incident which forms the pivot on which the story revolves. Diana Knighton, an extremely attractive young widow, conceives a violent passion for Mr. Frank Maddrell, a young Manx advocate, and makes love to him with a frank boldness which gives her a really distinguished place among the attractive young widows of fiction. Frank might have yielded to the attack had not his heart's fortress been already carried by Miss Nessie Colquitt, and when he and Nessie become engaged the widow's chance seems hopeless. She, however, is a woman of infinite resource; and, while suffering from a slight illness, a happy thought strikes her. She summons Frank to her side, informs him that she has but a few hours to live, draws from him a promise that he will grant her last request; and then asks him to go through the ceremony of a death-bed marriage, enforcing her request by a cock-and-bull story of a will under which a large sum of money will be divided between her mother and her husband if she dies a wife. The amiable idiot, Nessie, gives her consent to this extraordinary arrangement; and, as a matter of course, the wily Diana recovers, and the inevitable complications ensue. Other and perfectly gratuitous complications are thrown in, and the general result is decidedly bewildering. Still, in spite of all these things, the story is not uninteresting. Some of the characters are real human beings, some of the situations are powerfully conceived, and many of the descriptions are admirable. There is more promise in Mr. Davidson's book than in some books with fewer faults.

We always know what to expect from Mr. Hawley Smart. He is a novelist of the old-fashioned school, who does not deal in analysis or "psychology," or anything of that kind; but simply invents a story—in which horses are sure to figure largely—and then proceeds to tell it in a straightforward business-like sort of way. It must be admitted that, from the point of view of the severe critic of the mint, anise, and cummin of literature, it is occasionally rather a careless way. Mr. Smart's literary allusions are at times shaky, as when, for example, he credits Mr. Swinburne with the authorship of "A Dream of Fair Women"; and his grammar is not too orthodox to allow him to substitute the transitive verb "lay" for the intransitive "lie," a slip for which Byron's authority is hardly an excuse. To speak of anyone writing "with a *currente calamo*" is even worse, and it is impossible to avoid the reflection that Mr. Smart's *calamus* is apt to run a little too fast. Still, these are details, and the mob of readers will consider a hundred such little blunders amply atoned for by a good story. *The Outsider* is a fairly good story, inasmuch as it is bright and readable; but it lacks a definite centre of interest, and is too loose and slight in construction to be considered one of its author's most successful achievements. There are really two outsiders—one equine, the other human:

Mazeppa, who wins the Derby when the odds against him are 1,000 to 15; and Thea Welstead, who, being separated from her husband and suspected of having run away with her lover, is somewhat in the shade. The suspicion is altogether unfounded; but, as the lady wilfully does her best to make it seem reasonable, we do not feel at all inclined to award the sympathy which is evidently expected from us. From a purely artistic point of view she is more satisfactory; because, though extremely indiscreet, she has individuality and realisableness, in which respects she compares favourably with Mr. Hawley Smart's men, who are very flat and colourless. To this remark there is, however, one exception: Mr. Sparrow, the grateful bookmaker, who, by a "straight tip," retrieves Hugh Musgrave's fallen fortunes, is a very fresh and admirable creation.

Mr. David Douglas is a mighty hunter in the American book-market, and he hunts not only with energy but with discrimination, for his "finds" are generally worth having. *Roland Blake*, for example, is a novel which every cultivate person will read with pleasure. It is not in any way remarkable; but its well-considered composition—using the word in the pictorial sense—and its finely finished literary workmanship set it in a place apart from the sprawling and slipshod average English novel. From one point of view it is, perhaps, a pity that Dr. Weir Mitchell has been compelled by the nature of his scheme to give the most prominent place and the most elaborate treatment to his two disagreeable characters. *Roland Blake* is a fine manly hero, but it cannot be denied that it is less interesting than the utterly selfish Octopia Darnell and her brother Richard, the double-dyed traitor and would-be assassin. Still, these two portraits, especially that of Octopia—an unpleasantly suggestive name—are in their quiet way so masterly that one would not have the book other than it is. There is real and rare insight displayed in the fine passage where the sister reveals her horror at the discovery that the brother she has blindly idealised is on a moral level even lower than her own. Her conscience allows her to sin for him, but when he shows himself ready to sin for himself affection calls conscience into activity for the first time. This one chapter marks Dr. Weir Mitchell as a writer from whom something may be fairly expected.

Brueston's Bayou has a more distinctively American flavour than *Roland Blake*, and is also a more impressive performance, because the conception is bolder and the handling freer. Mr. Habberton became known by *Helen's Babies*, which, in spite of all its faults, was a fresh and amusing little book; but it was not a book to suggest any safe prognostication of its author's literary future. It was not the kind of thing that could be done twice, and there was no evidence that the writer could do anything else. Since that time evidence has been forthcoming, and *Brueston's Bayou* is the last item. No one can feel any uncertainty about Mr. Habberton's powers; for in originality of motive, in freshness of treatment, and in a winning pathetic grace which is not a mere ornament of the story but is wrought into its very fabric, *Brueston's Bayou* stands alone among recent

novels. Having used the word pathetic it may be well to say that Mr. Habberton's story is not a melancholy one, its pathos being not the pathos of sorrow but of sheer beauty. When the book is only half read the majority of readers will probably anticipate a sad future for poor Velsee Brueton, the instinctively refined but wholly unconventional child of nature, who, without asking, has given her heart to the young business man from New York. Such anticipations are, indeed, justified by Thorne's irritatingly cool calculations; and, indeed, if the old negro Wike had not acted as one *deus ex machina* and Major Burt as another, he and Velsee might never have been brought together. Still, all's well that ends well, and the telling of the story is as pleasant as its close. The Brueton family are charming, and the single character of the Major—the strong, selfless, high-minded gentleman—would suffice to make any book memorable. *Brueton's Bayou* will certainly not be soon forgotten by any reader.

We have been told by a high authority that revenge is a kind of wild justice. If the special act of revenge to which Miss Forbes's heroine devotes her energies be justice at all, it is justice which is quite uniquely wild. Bertha, it seems, had a sister whose love was sought and won by the Comte de Nevers; but the Comte jilted her and married another lady, who died six months after the wedding. Bertha thirsts for vengeance, and the reader will naturally suppose that the object of her vengeance is the faithless nobleman; but the reader will be altogether mistaken, for Bertha's victim is a girl who has loaded her with kindness, treated her as a sister, and promised her a home for life, but whose crime is that she is a cousin of the faithless nobleman's deceased wife. This is fantastic and decidedly original; the method of revenge is equally fantastic, but not quite so original, as Miss Forbes has taken a hint from Queen Elizabeth. Rita, the victim, gives Bertha an opal ring, promising that whenever Bertha presents or sends the ring to her she will grant any request by which it may be accompanied. Bertha gives the ring to a despised admirer of Rita's in order that it may secure success to a renewed offer of his hand; and Rita, who is conscientious to the verge of eccentricity, at once accepts him, being at the same time deeply in love with somebody else to whom she is looking forward to being speedily married. This simple and natural situation is a sample of the whole book; and to those who find this kind of thing satisfying and soothing *Bertha's Revenge* may be commended. Other people had better leave it alone.

The anonymous author of *Kintail Place* is a writer of intelligence and ability, but he or she—probably she—has made a mistake. We have had many romances dealing with the French Revolution, but we are all quite ready to welcome another if it be a good one. We will not say that *Kintail Place* is a bad romance, because, strictly speaking, it is not a romance at all. It is a historical study spoiled by a very thin thread of fictitious narrative, and has therefore neither the solid value of a work of history nor the special interest of a work of fiction. The book is sadly overcrowded with details, which are

simply confusing; and the story is introduced by a prologue, the artistic meaning of which is altogether unfathomable.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

GIFT-BOOKS.

Jerusalem, Bethany, and Bethlehem. By J. L. Porter. (Nelson.) The author of Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine, and the colleague in missionary work of Dr. William M. Thomson, has here compressed the results of his wide learning and experience into what we do not hesitate to call the most satisfactory volume of this winter season. The supreme interest of Jerusalem and the other sites associated with the birth, life, and death of Jesus must always suffice to win for any description of them a ready welcome. But Dr. Porter has not had recourse to any adventitious attraction. His own long residence in Palestine, together with his study of the latest archaeological results, has produced in him a wholesome scepticism with regard to some of the claims that used to be so readily accepted. As in the case of similar work in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, and in Greece, history as opposed to legend can only gain from every fresh exploration. So much for the negative side of Dr. Porter's book, upon which we have thought it right to insist. Its great charm, however, lies in the simple realism with which he brings before us the scenes he has beheld, in their connexion with the Bible story. And in this he is excellently supported by the illustrations, most of which are derived from recent photographs. While they reproduce the landscapes and the architecture with a faithfulness that photographs alone can attempt, they likewise give us a number of portraits no less necessary for a proper understanding of the local colour. The pictures are excellently engraved—much better than is usual in quasi-religious publications; and altogether the volume has been brought out in a form that is worthy of its peculiar merit.

Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People. By Mariana Monteiro. With illustrations by Harold Copping. (Fisher Unwin.) The contents of this nicely got-up volume will be of little service to the student of folklore. These legends are distinctly literary. They belong to the class of those written by Herculano, Becquer, Goizuetas, Araquistain, and others, not of those collected by Vinson, Cerquand, or by the followers of Machado y Alvarez. But perhaps the volume which has served as the closest model is *Los Ultimos Iberos*, by Vicente de Arana (see ACADEMY, June 3, 1882). Mdme. Monteiro may even have gone farther back, and have followed the precedent of the earliest collector of Basque-lore, Mr. Francisque Michel, in attempting to mystify her readers, as he did his in the preface to the *Romancero Basque*. For the whole passage which precedes and follows,

"Entone at the present day the song of Hannibal which our forefathers sang thirty centuries ago, or that of Lekovide in the time of Augustus Octavius, or that of Altabiscar during the epoch of Charlemagne, and the humblest shepherd of the mountains will understand it as though it had been composed for him (Pref. p. x.)"

is simple blarney. There is no Basque poetry older than the sixteenth century; and the shepherd who can interpret the Chanson de Lelo, or who knows by tradition anything of the poetry of Bernard d'Echepare, or of Arnaud Oihenart, has yet to be discovered. But, taking these tales as literary legends, they are very prettily told. Mdme. Monteiro has given a fresh turn to the kaleidoscope, and the result is an arrangement that may vie in charm with any that have preceded it. The slightly foreign turn occasionally given to an English idiom

adds a piquancy to their imaginative beauties. Only in local description does our author fail; but even the great Sir Walter fell short when attempting, as he seldom had occasion to do, to evolve a landscape from his own consciousness. La Real Casa de Roncesvalles has never been a walled convent. Iraty is the name of the largest forest in the Western Pyrenees, and of the river that runs through it. The woods spread over many a mile of broken hill and vale, not over a single mountain. The Canigou is the most easterly mountain of any considerable height in the Eastern Pyrenees; that and Jaizquibel form the opposite extremities of the chain, and neither is by any means inaccessible. Izar, star, Stella, is usually a girl's name, not a boy's, in Basque. The popular songs, "Ene izar maita," "My dear star"; and "Adios, izar ederra," "Good-bye, fair star," are both addressed to the fair sex. The four illustrations in photogravure from india-ink sketches are decidedly good.

Jack and the Beanstalk. English Hexameters by Hallam Tennyson. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. (Macmillan.) Charles Lamb once offended a matter-of-fact Scotchman—chronology will not allow him to be Carlyle—at a party where a son of Burns was expected, by expressing regret that it was to be the son and not the father. At the risk of being likened to that Scotchman, we cannot in candour withhold our opinion that the chief interest of these verses arises from their authorship. As a metrical exercise, they are modelled upon Clough, rather than upon Kingsley or Longfellow; and they certainly attest the fitness of the English hexameter for burlesque. The illustrations do not pretend to be more than unfinished sketches. As to the animals lavishly introduced, it was impossible for Caldecott's pencil to miss the mark, with however few touches. But it is curious to notice his vacillation with regard to the ogre, and his refusal to attempt any of the ugly scenes almost forced on him by his text. To Caldecott, an anthropophagist was little more than an English farmer drawn large; and a fairy shape could become visible only as a frog.

MISS ARABELLA SHORE has published a very pleasant and readable little book with the modest title *Dante for Beginners* (Chapman & Hall); and anyone who wished to get a general idea of the plan of the poem and the subjects and relation of its principal episodes, could not do better than put himself under Miss Shore's guidance. There is also prefixed a useful notice of some of the chief obsolete forms of words in the poem. In respect of details, Miss Shore is not always quite to be relied on, as, for instance, in the twice-repeated, but surely erroneous, statement that the vision lasted ten days. Some of her notes on very disputed passages are too dogmatic, as though no doubt or difficulty existed. The quotations from Latin (and Italian sometimes) will need careful revision, if this deserving little work should reach a second edition, e.g., where Dante's epitaph is quoted thus:

"Hic claudor Dantes, patrias extorris ab oris."

There are many various readings of this line, but this is certainly not one of them.

Mary's Meadow, and Letters from a Little Garden. By Julia Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (S.P.C.K.) This is the last serial story that we shall ever have from the pen of Mrs. Ewing, together with some monthly notes about gardening which were interrupted by her death in the spring of last year. The story is told with much grace and charm, though it lacks the added power

that earned for *Jackanapes* so distinguished a success. The pencil of Mr. Gordon Browne has been more happy in the little cuts than in the full-page plates.

Silverthorns. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by F. Noel-Paton. (Hatchards.) While it is impossible not to read with pleasure whatever Mrs. Molesworth may write, her most enthusiastic admirers will admit that this is not among her inspired books. It is a story about schoolgirls, somewhat obtrusively didactic, with the element of romance supplied by a family ghost. There are four illustrations, of which the two landscapes are good, the frontispiece tolerable, and the remaining one atrocious.

The Miser of King's Court. By Clara Mulholland. (Burns & Oates.) This is also a story written for girls by a practised hand, though, as often happens, the boys introduced have much more individuality about them than their sisters. The pathos of the two opening chapters, and the strange character round whom the main interest gathers, are both rather too highly coloured for our taste; nor is the *dénouement* quite satisfactory. Still, there is an originality about the book which seems to suggest some foundation in fact. It is very nicely got-up, but lacks illustrations.

The Madonna of the Tubs. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Sampson Low.) This is an American essay in the style of sentimental Christmas literature for which Dickens, we fear, must be held responsible. The very title rings false, for the heroine is in no sense a madonna, and her association with tubs, i.e. wash-tubs, is of quite subordinate interest. She is, in fact, a plain fisherman's wife, whose husband is supposed to be drowned after parting from her in a passion foreign to his true nature. An additional element of pathos, of the Dickens stamp, is supplied by a crippled child, who is in some sort the hero of the story; and we have besides the typical American girl to play the part of Lady Bountiful. Mrs. Phelps has mixed her ingredients with the cleverness of a practised hand; but we do not like the recipe. The book is well illustrated, especially as regards the minor cuts, though here again we must comment upon the characteristic American weakness in drawing the human face.

Views of English Society. By a Little Girl of Eleven. (Field & Tuer.) In former times books written for children not unfrequently represented children as naughty; but their parents, and other grown-up people not intended for examples, were always impeccable. It is now the fashion for the children to be so virtuous as to criticise their elders—their father, for choice—and so clever as to write their own books for themselves. Of the newest fashion the book before us is a favourable specimen; for its assumption of juvenile authorship is innocent, it is printed in clear type, and covered with a pretty pattern of cotton print, after the style which Messrs. Field & Tuer affect.

Fairy Folk (Griffith, Farran & Co.), by E. Lecky, consists of a few pages, each containing a few lines of verse with fairies, flowers and other embellishments, drawn by Isabel Berkley. Her animals and blossoms are more characteristic than the elves which flit over every page; but Dicky Doyle's drawings have perhaps spoilt us with regard to Fairyland. The less said of the author's verses the better. "Hare bells," we may remind her, should be "hair-bells." The book makes a pretty gift for a child.

Very Short Stories and Verses for Children. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Walter Scott.) Though nearly all the contents of this volume have appeared before, it is not the less worthy

of a hearty welcome. For Mrs. Clifford is possessed of a felicity all her own in putting quaintnesses that children appreciate into prose and verse. That she can sometimes touch a higher strain may be seen from the following lines:

"Awake, my dear,
The winter drear
Has fled with all things dreary;
But quickly by
The spring will fly,
And soon the birds will weary.
Awake while yet
The dew is wet
And day is young, my deary."

He Conquers who Endures. By the Author of "Mr. Burke's Nieces." (Cassell.) We are not greatly taken with this story, which bears much too obvious marks of being written up to its title. The plot is the very threadbare one of a girl shielding her brother from the righteous consequences of his wrong-doing by herself taking the blame and bearing the punishment. Unselfish endurance has always certain elements of beauty; but the general impression left by the story is far from being wholesome. Personal affection is placed before truth, the inevitable consequence being that the story instils altogether false ideas of loyalty and honour. We cannot even say that we like the manner better than the matter, for the characters are unnatural and the conversations stilted.

Rob and Mag. By L. Marston. (Shaw.) There is very little incident or plot in this story, which seems to be written under the idea that if you only put in enough religion, it does not matter how dull and stupid it may be.

Silverdale Rectory. By Grace Stebbing. (Shaw.) This is a companion volume to the last, dealing with high life in the country, as the other did with low life in town. It is extremely morbid and unnatural.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Queen has been pleased to accept the first copy issued of Lady Burton's edition of *Arabian Nights*.

MR. HUGH A. WEBSTER, one of the permanent staff of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and editor of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, has been elected to the librarianship of Edinburgh University, vacant by the death of Dr. John Small. There were in all more than seventy candidates.

MR. W. R. S. RALSTON and Prof. Rhys Davids have both undertaken to "tell stories" in the course of the Christmas holidays for philanthropic objects—the former, on behalf of the Working Ladies' Guild; the latter, on behalf of the Froebel Society. To give to announcements in the detail they deserve. Indian Fairy Stories will be told by Prof. Rhys Davids at 29, York Place, close to Baker Street Station, on Thursday, January 6, at 3 p.m.; admission, by payment of one shilling at the doors, children half price. Mr. Ralston will tell stories to children (of all ages) at 57, Cromwell Houses, Cromwell Road, on Wednesday, January 12, at 3 p.m.; admission by tickets (5s., 3s., 2s.) to be obtained from Mrs. Kettlewell, 36, Eardley Crescent, Earls Court.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a memoir of Sir Peter Scratchley, the first High Commissioner of New Guinea, with a full account of his system of colonial defence.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will publish shortly a second series of *Strange Stories*, by Mr. Grant Allen. The volume will take its name from the first story, which is entitled "The Beckoning Hand."

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in the press a new work by Mr. Gallenga, in two volumes, entitled *Italy: Present and Future*.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will publish early in the present month a *Study of Mr. Gladstone*, written by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, editor of the *Croker Memoirs*.

MR. JUSTICE CUNNINGHAM, of the Calcutta High Court, who may perhaps be better known to some as the author of *The Chronicles of Dustyepore*, has written another Anglo-Indian novel, to be called *The Caeruleans*. It will be published shortly, in two volumes, by Messrs. Macmillan.

A NEW book, by Mr. John Wilson, entitled *Aenigma Vitae* will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It is the outcome of quiet musings on the great problems of human life and modern thought on the part of one sojourning in quest of health in a Swiss retreat. Its subject, on the speculative side, is the central unity of human thought; on the practical, it is man's true life.

MR. HABIB ANTHONY SALMONÉ has in the press a novel entitled *Duty Bound*. Some of the scenes are laid in Palmyra, Damascus, and Egypt, portraying the Arab character; while the rest deal with life at home. The time is the present. Messrs. Thomas Bosworth & Co. of Great Russell Street, will be the publishers.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a volume of papers on gambling, &c., by Mr. R. A. Proctor, entitled *Chance and Luck*.

THE next volume in the series of *Eminent Women* will be Mrs. Siddons, written by Mrs. A. Kennard.

A NEW and thoroughly revised edition of *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthage* will be published early in January by Messrs. Whittaker & Co.

WITH the beginning of the New Year the *National Review* will contain every month a concise survey of public affairs under the heading, "Politics at Home and Abroad."

WE hear that the issue of the first number of *Scribner's Magazine* consisted of 125,000 numbers for America and 40,000 for the English market.

WITH the beginning of this year which is the jubilee year of phonography, Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons intend opening a London house, at 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, for the sale of their shorthand and phonetic books.

THE following is the full text of the references to international copyright and to the tariff on works of art in President Cleveland's recent message to Congress:

"The drift of sentiment in civilised communities toward full recognition of the rights of property in the creations of the human intellect has brought about the adoption, by many important nations, of an International Copyright Convention, which was signed at Berne on the 18th of September, 1885. Inasmuch as the Constitution gives to Congress the power 'to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries,' this Government did not feel warranted in becoming a signatory pending the action of Congress upon measures of international copyright now before it, but the right of adhesion to the Berne Convention hereafter has been reserved. I trust the subject will receive at your hands the attention it deserves, and that the just claims of authors, so urgently pressed, will be duly heeded."

* * * * *

"Representations continue to be made to me of the injurious effect upon American artists studying abroad, and having free access to the art collections of foreign countries, of maintaining a discrimina-

ting duty against the introduction of the works of their brother artists of other countries; and I am induced to repeat my recommendation for the abolition of that tax."

THE University of Zürich opened its Winter-Semester (1886-7) with 482 matriculated students, the largest number since its foundation. They are divided among the faculties as follows: theology, 41; jurisprudence, 56 (1 female); medicine, 241 (36 female); philosophy, 144 (18 female). In addition to the "Immatriculirten," there is also a great increase in the number of the so-called "Hörer."

SPANISH JOTTINGS.

THE *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia for November contains a very interesting notice of the *Juderia* of Segovia by Padre F. Fitz. Vicente de la Fuente, on "La Santa Cruz de Caravaca," and Francisco C. Codera, on the "Cartas para ilustrar la historia de la España Arabe," sweep away a mass of falsifications of history and legend. The cross cannot be traced beyond the thirteenth century. Most of the Arabic historians cited in the letters have no existence at all. E. Saavedra takes occasion of M. Boudon de Mouy's "Origines historiques de la question d'Andorre" to show that the suzerainty really belongs to the see of Urgel, and that Andorra is no republic, but only a fief, independent of any higher authority than that of the bishop. Important Roman and Iberian remains have been discovered at Toulouse, on the Roman road between Huesca and Lerida.

TOMO IV., No. 5, of the *Revista de Ciencias Históricas* (Barcelona) contains the concluding chapters of two works which have long occupied its pages—the "Life of Felipe de Malla," by F. de Bofarull; and the "Historia de los Condes de Empurias," by J. de Taverner. Father J. Segura, by means of mediaeval documents, identifies the Roman Sigarra (cf. Hubner, *C. I. L.*, 4479-83) with the modern town of Prats del Rey. Bosch de la Trinxeria prints a contemporary account in Catalan of the entry of Philip V. into Barcelona, December 1701. W. van Eys, in an article on "La Lengua Basca," again asserts his view of the Basque auxiliary verbs against those of Prince L.-L. Bonaparte.

DON L. DE EGUILAZ Y YANGUAS, professor in the university of Granada, has just published (imprenta de La Lealtad, Granada) a *Glosario etimológico de las palabras Españolas de origen oriental*. The work deals with the Portuguese also, and with all the other dialects of the Peninsula. The Oriental languages treated are Arabic, Hebrew, Malay, Persian, and Turkish. It is thus fuller and more extensive than the *Glossaire* of Dozy and Engelmann, whose derivations are constantly discussed, and whose work it will probably to a great extent supersede.

WE have received tomo iii., vol. ii., of Menéndez y Pelayo's important *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España*, which goes to the end of the eighteenth century. The work increases in interest as it proceeds. We hope to return to it.

DON EDUARDO TODA has printed in the *Boletin* of the Institución libre de Enseñanza of October 15 (Madrid) translations of some of the *grafitti* on the walls of the portico of the mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo. They cover a range of five centuries, and are still being added to. The majority are unsigned and religious—a profession of faith and an *ora pro nobis*, others are lamentations over the disappointments of life, two are amatory, one of

which, in Turkish, is more refined than might have been expected. It is to this effect:

"Oh! thou beloved of my heart, thou delicate soul,
Would that thy beauty were a garden flower
And I, the poor slave of thy love who weep thee afar,
The gardener who then would tend thee for ever."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO A YOUNG HOUSE - MARTIN PICKED UP DEAD UNDER ITS NEST IN THE MIDDLE OF NOVEMBER.

Poor half-fledged morsel of mortality,
Reft of thy nascent frail vitality,
Born all too late;
Born when the summer sun had ceased its shining,
Born when the year's life-forces were declining,
Into a cold world ushered unrepining,
Hapless untimely fate!

Warm'd into life when spent the wing'd prey,
For thy race fitted through each sun-glad day
Its food to give.

Void was the cold Sept'ember air, and dumb
Of all the summer music buzz and hum,
Which the rath first-born of thy nest bad come,
Pursue, enjoy, and live.

Born when thy mates already wings were prunning,
Born when loud marshall-calls they piped attuning
For the far South;

Instincts almighty impulse through them thrilling,
And with its mastery their bosoms filling,
Little they reck'd the deprecating trilling
Of thy baby mouth.

Abandoned by thy parents, playmates, all
Unheeding of thy tender nestling-call,
Thou diest alone;
Still cowering in thy cold forsaken nest,
Still for thy parents looking sore distress'd,
To come as heretofore when hunger press'd
They heard thy plaintive tone

Ah! who thy anguish may avail to tell,
So late emerged from the parent shell,
Then reft of care?

Who may record thy pangs, so fondly nursed,
Then left to die of hunger, cold, and thirst,
Who tell the spasm when thy small heart burst
With want and sad despair?

What boots the question what thy lot had been,
Hadst thou the earlier sun of August seen?

How swift thy flight?
If thou in beauty hadst thy mates excell'd,
If high thy shape and plumage they had held,
Or if of thine own brood all e'er unshelled,
Had keenest been thy sight?

Emblem dead bird art thou of what we find
Through Nature's realms, nor rare among man-kind:

Born all too late
Are oftentimes men who tardy slink to life,
All spent the wealth with which their lot were rife
In earlier times, and unavailing strife
And death is now their fate.

Of births abortive, destinies unripe,
Of Nature's thwarted works and aims, sad type,
Alas, thou art!

Why grace and beauty does she oft bestow—
As on thy frame she made these feathers grow—
And then destroy them with a sudden blow
And reckless ruthless heart?

But while through Nature we trace everywhere
Failure, frustration, careful lack of care

And heedful heedlessness—
"It reck not," pleads some thinker with insistence,
"For all things gendered there is not subsistence,
'Tis but the law of struggle of existence,

Than that no more no less.

What recks one nestling 'mong the myriad brood,
In summer hatch'd, matured on summer food,
Then eager wings
Outstretching shared their elders' autumn flight,

And now in southern climes taste new delight,
Where days are ever warm and sunshine bright,

All birds to music sing?"

Had this plea satisfied thy yearning heart,
When boding woe thou saw'st thy mates depart,

O birdling dead?

Or had it soothed thy pangs of hunger keen,
Or warmed thy ice-cold frame, if thou hadst been
Made conscious what such reasoning might mean
And following its thread?

Will thy wing'd mates, in the first glow of spring
Returning, when the cuckoo 'gins to sing,
To yonder eave,

Bethink them of the nestling left forlorn,

Of love and warmth and life untimely shorn,

Because, unwitting, it was too late born;

And for thee will they grieve?

On thy bare frame, half-fledg'd and weather
blench'd,

Thy tender plumage, ruffled and dew-drench'd,

Smoothly I lie;

Then underneath the laurel's shade I rake

A clearing 'mid the mould'ring leaves; so make

Thy grave, and bury thee where thou mayst take

Thy rest eternally.

JOHN OWEN.

OBITUARY.

SAMUEL BREARLEY.

To many readers of the ACADEMY the news of Mr. Brearley's death will come as a sad surprise. During the years 1881-84 he was a familiar figure at Oxford, where he had come to study English history, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the general system of education in England. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and being past thirty when he came here, he associated more freely with the tutors and professors of the university. But his influence for good was soon felt among the undergraduates also, who found in him a sympathising friend and a judicious counsellor. He was chiefly instrumental in founding a historical society in the university, after the pattern of the so-called seminaries in German universities, and this society has done and is doing permanent good. In 1884 he returned to New York; and, having been much impressed with the excellent work achieved by the High School for Girls at Oxford, he founded a similar institution there, the success of which seems to have been most remarkable. In the midst of this useful career he succumbed on December 6 to an attack of typhoid fever and pneumonia. Mr. Brearley was one of that growing class of Americans who look upon England as their old home, and feel divided from it by nothing but the Atlantic. The old animosities are completely forgotten, and the love of the old country is more intense with them than with many Englishmen. They are, in fact, Englishmen who happen to live in America, and who prefer some of the American institutions, though by no means all. Many of them, when they have to leave us, look forward to the time when they may come back again. No one yearned more truly to see his old Oxford friends once more than he whose death is now mourned, and whose upright bearing and genial kindness will long be remembered among us.

F. M. M.

FRANCIS FRANCIS.

AT his house, The Firs, Twickenham, hard by the river which he loved so well, died on Christmas Eve, 1886, aged sixty-four, Francis Francis. For a long series of years Mr. Francis was angling editor of the *Field* paper, and was known far and wide as an excellent fisherman and copious writer on his favourite amusement. The present generation of anglers owes him much for his practical suggestions on every variety of freshwater fishing. These took root in his complete treatise on the art of angling, first published as *A Book on Angling* in 1867, and frequently revised and reprinted since. He issued also, a few years ago, a

smaller manual on the same subject, together with a large number of papers on fish, fishing and fisheries. Mr. Francis twice ventured into the realms of fiction, first in *Newton Dogvane: a Story of English Country Life*, with illustrations by Leech (3 vols., 1859), and then in *Sidney Bellew: a Story* (2 vols., 1870). His name was long a household word on every stream and loch of the United Kingdom; but a paralytic seizure, some three years ago, disabled Mr. Francis and incapacitated him from going far a-field to seek his favourite diversion. Genial and devotedly attached to all manner of sport with gun and rod as he was, the death of Mr. Francis at Christmas time, when in past years a pleasant essay from his pen was sure to appear in the *Field*, will sadden the joy of an immense circle of friends and acquaintances, while not a few will murmur, with that grave humour which he would himself have applied to a brother angler—*mors ultima linea rerum est*. His best epitaph is that he, perhaps more than any man, contributed to the happiness and contentment of the enormous number of anglers which has sprung into existence during the past thirty years, by his writings, his geniality, and his prowess as a fisherman. M. G. W.

A TOUR IN FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

A LITTLE more than one hundred years ago—on March 5, 1785—the Rev. John Symonds Breedon, Doctor of Divinity, of Bere Court, near Maidenhead, left his home to travel for two months in France. His MS. account of the expedition now lies before us, written on good hand-made paper, unadulterated by clay, and in that fair Oxford hand of old days—before the disastrous advent of stylographs, or even of steel pens—as easy to read as print. It is illustrated by clever sketches of what and whom he saw; while the frankness of his narrative, and the style in which it is composed, avowedly imitates the *Sentimental Journey* of another divine, whom Dr. Breedon took as his pattern in more respects than one. It was apparently kept for the amusement of Mrs. Breedon, who must have been an indulgent wife; and, at the time it was composed, it would have seemed little likely to pass beyond the family circle. The writer could not see what is of interest to us: that the most trivial observations are valuable if made on a society and a state of things on the point of passing away for ever, when none but a few philosophic thinkers—mere dreamers in the estimation of those about them—supposed that any change, much less what has been called *culte générale*, was impending. The diary, though concise, is yet too long for our pages; but our readers may be glad to turn them over, as it were, with us, and accompany Dr. Breedon on his travels.

On the date above cited, “J. S. B., in company with his friend George Cunningham, departed from the ‘Swan with two Necks’ in Lad Lane, in the Dover Diligence.” This equipage with its French name was the property of a Frenchman, M. Mariée, and the fare from London to Paris was five guineas. This sum was, however, considerably increased by charges on the road. The luncheon, or, if it be night, the cup of *bouillon*, at Amiens, which is now the traveller’s only extra, has replaced Dr. Breedon’s “comfortable breakfast at Rochester,” supper and bed at Dover, and maintenance for two or three days, according to taste, on the road between Boulogne and Paris, supposing the travellers did not care to make a longer stay at Amiens. Dr. Breedon, whose clerical character at no time seems to have gone much deeper than his habiliments, “must not forget to mention that at Dover the *Priest* became a *Laïc* and put on a *Tail*.” The voyage to Boulogne occupied three hours and

a-half, one of the passengers being a Spaniard who was conveying an English bulldog to Madrid, there to exhibit his national courage in a bull fight, but who was now so sick that “a calf might have quelled him”; another was a fat old lady, engaged in a nefarious and shameful trade, which shocked the travellers less than would, we hope, now be the case.

On landing at Boulogne, Dr. Breedon, who had never been abroad before, on turning the first corner on the way to his hotel, was

“startled at what seemed a cruel Sight! A man suspended, naked and bleeding; but approaching nearer we found this was a Crucifix and the Figure, being as large as Life, and well coloured, so novel, and seen so suddenly, occasioned our Palpitations.”

On this very Sunday on which the travellers were at Boulogne, Pilâtre de Roziers and his companion Romain were inflating the balloon, from which in the following June they were to meet their deaths in so dreadful a manner. Two months before, Blanchard, a French aeronaut, had crossed the channel from Dover with an American (Doctor Jeffries), landing near Calais. Pilâtre de Roziers intended to perform the like exploit in a reverse direction. Dr. Breedon says that

“at the Place where the Balloon was filling, a number of People, with the Priests, were engaged in religious Service at the Foot of a Crucifix, and during all the Time the Engines were at Work at a few yards distance without Cessation to supply the Water necessary for the Preparation of inflammable Air, and many *Sacré-Dieux* were flying about without any Regard to Religion. Leaving this Part of the Town, we again ascended the Rampart, and walked to the Castle, at the Entrance of which we saw two Boys in Confinement, peeping through a Grated Window; enquiring the Cause we found it was *pour manger le Chair la Vendredi passé*. *Le Chat!* said I. ‘What eat Cat on Friday?’ . . . We supped at the Table d’Hôte, and I had a great deal of Conversation with M. Romain, and examined the Valve intended for the Balloon, which Valve we have been told was afterwards the Cause of his and Pilâtre de Rozier’s sad Disaster.”

The balloon ascent did not take place next day, nor, indeed, till June 15 following, and the valve did not cause the mischief. Pilâtre de Rozier attached a small “smoke,” or fire-balloon, below the large one—a combination to which the disastrous issue is to be attributed. About a quarter of an hour after the start, and when the balloon had attained an elevation of 3,000 feet, the whole apparatus took fire; and its fragments, with the aeronauts, were dashed to pieces on the shore about four miles from Boulogne.

Our travellers, reinforced by Mr. Cumberland’s brother, went to Amiens, sleeping at Abbeville *en route*. Dr. Breedon, accustomed to the excellent Berkshire breed of pigs, “could not help seeing from the Window of the Dilly Hogs as fat as Greyhounds”; but he notices that the peasantry looked prosperous, the men “were bien poudré, and the Coiffures of the Women extremely clean and neat.” It is curious to find that at Amiens, where they stayed some days, the travellers thought it necessary to call on “Captain Watts, who lodges in the great Market Place, and being upon Half-pay, resides here both for Cheapness and to perfect himself in the Language.” In these days of general travel, an Englishman would scarce call on another without introduction in any regions short of the Congo; but Captain Watts received his countrymen “with great Politeness,” breakfasted with them next day, and helped Dr. Breedon in his shopping. The result of this was satisfactory; for

“March 13, Sunday Morning, a little before nine, my Tailor and his Foreman *sans Cérémonie*, walked into our Bed Chamber and drew my Curtains. Staring at them and at their huge Muffs, I soon discovered two Pair of Nankeen Breeches, each

bearing a Pair on his Arm, and good of the Sort, made as well and half as dear as in London. Happy in having got them so soon, I jumped out of Bed, arrayed myself for the Day, and played a Game or two at Billiards before Dinner.”

What would the good folk in Berkshire have said had they seen their reverend doctor thus arrayed and thus engaged?

On leaving Amiens, Dr. Breedon gives us his expenses so far.

	f s. d.
“ The Fare in the <i>Diligence</i> from London to Dover is	1 3 6
The Passage from Dover to Boulogne	0 10 6
The Boat, the Women, and Custom	0 15 6
House fees at Boulogne	1 3 9
<i>Diligence</i> to Amiens	2 12 6
My Breakfast at Samer, Dîner at Montreuil, and Supper at Abbeville, paid by the Director of the <i>Diligence</i> , Bill at Boulogne, Dinner, Supper, and two Pints of Wine	0 5 0
Hair Dressing at Amiens, 8 Times	0 2 0
And my Expenses at the Hotel, including Servants, Wine, and Extra Suppers, 9 days, about	2 12 6
<i>Note</i> .—Table D’Hôte at Amiens per Diem:	
Dinner, 30 Sous.	
Supper, 30 Sous.	
Lodging, 15 Sous.	
Vin Rouge, 30 Sous per Bottle.	
Vin Blanc, 36 Sous per Bottle.”	

On the road to Paris, at St. Just,

“my friend and I supped *tête-à-tête*, and this was our Bill of Fare :

Carp and Eel stewed together with Prunes and Onions.

A very small Loin of Veal roasted.

A *Fricassée*.

A Dozen boiled Eggs.

Cheese, Walnuts, and Cakes.

A Bottle of the best *Vin du Pays* we have yet tasted; and we paid for the above 50 Sous apiece, which is 25 Pence English.”

Arrived in Paris, the travellers secured a “Front Set of Apartments on the first Floor of the Hotel Brunswick, Rue Mazarine, at 5 Louis per month,” and devoted themselves with energy to the sights and amusements of the city. In their first walk they “passed by the New Church of St. Magdalene, and there is no Doubt but it will be a fine one when finished”; and in the evening, as indeed on other evenings, they went to the

“Foire St. Germain, a lively Promenade, full of Shops, Conjurers and Puppet Shows, paid one Demi-Ecus, and entered the Vauxhall, which is a Saloon ornamented in a very tawdry Manner. The Amusements are Children dancing, Cotillions, Minuets, &c., and Conversations, and this Place, like our Vauxhall, is much frequented by the most Celebrated and most notorious *Jolie Filles* of Paris; but there is no staying here after eleven o’Clock—which with us is the hour of visiting such Places as these.”

One of Dr. Breedon’s earliest cares in Paris was to add a new coat to the nankeen breeches from Amiens. His tailor came “dressed in a smart Coat, Green and Gold, with Waistcoat and Breeches and Black silk Muff.” Among the sights which he visited more than once was the *Hôpital des Enfants trouvés*, where he and his companions were told, what has since been known to all the world by the celebrated passage in the *Confessions*, that

“Rousseau sent five of his Children thither; but they never have yet been distinguished from the rest, therefore it remains uncertain where they are now, or whether living or dead.”

On the same day, March 20, we find a meeting recorded, which brings us into relations, indirect indeed, with another historic figure.

“Walking alone after Dinner in the Palais Royal was accosted by an Englishman, who proved to be Boyce of New College, having cast aside his Black (like myself) *pro Tempore*. I scarcely recollect

him, but he remembered me very well, and told me he was accompanying Mrs. Hastings's son, Imhoff, on his tour."

The journal of that day is closed by a sketch of "the Reverberators with which the Streets of Paris are lighted," in fact the *Lanternes* which were soon to be put to another and more terrible use. A long tightly stretched rope ran from house to house, or, when need was, from post to post. To this a slack rope was attached at a fixed point about a quarter of the way across, running through a pulley at the same distance on the other side, the end of which was enclosed in a box against one of the posts, so that the lantern in the middle between the fixed point and the pulley might easily be lowered. It is clear from this sketch that the poor wretches who so few years afterwards hung *à la lanterne* were suspended in mid street, just above, even if quite above, the heads of the passengers.

George Cunningham had an introduction to M. Le Brun, the picture dealer, now only remembered through his wife, Mme. Vigée Le Brun, the charming portrait painter. The husband, however, at least attempted the art in which his wife was famous, for among the "pieces" which the travellers saw was "one of Mme. Le Brun by her Husband, a *Nude* unfinished, the Character Bacchanalian. Monsieur was at Work when we arrived and the Lady sitting."

On Easter Sunday, March 27, the friends drove to Versailles, and saw the king at mass. "The Offerings for the Poor were collected by a Lady, elegantly dressed in White and Silver, ornamented with large bunches of artificial Lilac, and the king dispensed his Bounties with a vast show of solemn dignity." Dr. Breedon drew in his diary a clever sketch of the poor, high-bred foolish king, the last of the race under whose portrait could be written as here "Le Grand Monarque."

"The Service being concluded, we walked up the Great Staircase, and rambled hastily through the Guard Room. Where we saw others go, we followed without asking many Questions, till we got to the Door of the King's Presence, and then it was Time to stop. The Queen disappointed us and a few more by not dining in public as is customary on this Day—but the Dinner was prepared, and the Table covered as usual, the Cooks and *Tasters* having performed their Duty. We had afterwards for three Livres almost as good a Dinner at Touchets; but the Queen's Burgundy, of which we were favoured with a glass or two, was much better than his, and yet we contrived to finish a Couple of Bottles before we sallied out into the Gardens. And I could not help thinking myself a mighty fine gentleman with Jackson's long Sword dangling at my Side and a Bag at my Back, bought on the Pont Neuf for a *Vingt-quatre*, alias a British Shilling."

There was good reason why Marie Antoinette should not have dined in public, for she was already in labour, and gave birth that same evening to a son, who by the death of his elder brother became Dauphin, and died, less happy than those of his family who perished on the scaffold, miserably in prison at the age of ten years. Marie Antoinette herself rose from her sick bed to find herself involved in all the dark intrigues and scandals connected with the *Affaire du Collier*, and the clouds which Dr. Breedon's eyes saw not were already gathering thickly round Versailles. All as yet seemed bright, and the joy was universal, illuminations in the windows, Te Deum at Notre Dame, and the king scattered money "plentifully from his Carriage as he passed over the Pont Neuf." There were rejoicings in plenty and open-air fêtes, though the weather was cold for the season; and the Doctor took his part in them with a gallant freedom which would not have edified his friends in Berkshire. But he was growing somewhat more fluent in the French language, and would probably have

quoted the proverb *à la guerre comme à la guerre*.

From Paris, Dr. Breedon went to Arras and Lille, and spent his time in visiting churches, convents and galleries; sketching diligently, and giving careful accounts of what he saw. At Lille, however, he breaks out in this sudden and wholly unexpected fashion:

"The Pulpit must not be passed over unnoticed, to which the Ascent is by a staircase winding round a Pillar. The Pulpit, &c., are wood, well gilded.

"*Laissez moi aller, je vous en prie, Monsieur,*
Laissez moi aller, je vous en prie,"

said the Girl when I had finished my Bottle of Burgundy after Dinner, for the wine was good, and she a Girl of pleasant looks, but of the true Flemish Mold, *vide Teniers*. No Flanders Mare has thicker legs or broader Haunches, and so much for her—turn over and you will see I have attempted a sketch or two."

At Lille, also on Sunday, the doctor "dined at the Swan, the same Trio, my two Companions turn out to be two Jews. We had *roast Pork* for Dinner, one tasting it explained *pas bon* and called it *Beuf roti*, the other abused the Girl for not bringing the Veal he ordered. Both vociferated furiously *pas manger*, and both made a tolerable Dinner."

Dr. Breedon returned to England via Dunkerque and Calais, where he was again reminded of Sterne, on whose diary, as we said, he had in some degree wished to mould his own—not on the better portions of that immortal work; and therefore, though still amusing, he becomes unquotable. At Canterbury, where he slept, we have the first and only opinion in the book on literary matters. Then, as now, travelling in fine weather left scant time for reading. "Read a few of Lord Lyttelton's Persian Letters, and thought few Books have an equal Tendency with this to enlighten the Minds of Men both in Religion and Policy."

And so, having risen at five a.m. on April 26 at Canterbury, the travelled doctor, no doubt once more habited in clerical wig, and having dined at Dartford, arrived in town at half-past five p.m. and wrote "Finis" to his tour.

"The eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing," said the great English historian of the French Revolution; and we can hardly find fault with Dr. Breedon that, fresh from an English pastoral county, speaking French imperfectly, and seeing only that superficial life which first presents itself to every foreigner, he perceived nothing of the seething mass of discontent and turbulence so soon to break forth. But, with the lurid light of the great volcano in the background for those who now read the doctor's yellowing pages, it is strange to see the reverend irreverent man, in his nankin breeches and wig "with a tail," taking his fling in France, where there was, he thought, "no one who is not gay."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BONAFFÉ, E. *Les Propos de Valentin.* Paris: Rouam. 3 fr.
CLABETIC, J. *La Canne de M. Michelet: promenades et souvenirs.* Paris: Conquet. 28 fr.
FALKE, J. v. *Die K. k. Wiener Porzellanfabrik.* Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 15 M.
HOMOLÉ, Th. *De antiquissimis Diana simulacris Deliciis.* Paris: Labitte. 5 fr.
NEY, N. *Conférences et lettres de P. Savorgnan de Brazza sur ses trois explorations dans l'ouest africain de 1875 à 1886.* Paris: Dreyfous. 10 fr.
SAY, Léon. *Le Socialisme d'Etat.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHONGAUER, DUBEE, REMBRANDT. *Stiche u. Radirungen. In heliograph. Nachdruck nach Originalen d. egl. Kupferstichkabinets zu Berlin.* Mit begleit. Text v. J. Janitsch u. A. Lichtwark. 2. Tal. Berlin: Grote. 50 M.
SOLVAY, L. *L'Art espagnol: précédé d'une Introduction sur l'Espagne et les Espagnols.* Paris: Rouam. 25 fr.

TAMAMCHEF, J. v. *Der Kampf um Constantinopel in seiner Vergangenheit, Gegenwart u. Zukunft.* Wien: Huber. 8 M.
WESSELY, J. E. *Kritische Verzeichniss v. Werken hervorragender Kupferstecher.* 2. Bd. Richard Earlom. Hamburg: Haendcke. 2 M. 50 Pf.

THEOLOGY.

EPHEM (S.) *Syri Hymni et sermones, syriacae et latine.* Ed. Th. J. Lamy. Tomus II. Malines. 20 fr.

LIPSJUS, R. A. *Die apokryphen Apostelgeschichten u. Apoetellegenden. Ein Beitrag zur altchristl. Literaturgeschichte.* 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 16 M.

HISTORY.

CODEX diplomaticus Saxoniae regiae. Hrsg. v. O. Posse u. H. Ermisch. 18. Bd. Leipzig: Giesecke. 32 M.

COBOZALS, J. de. *Histoire de la civilisation depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours.* Paris: Delagrave. 8 fr.
KRONES, F. v. *Geschichte der Karl Franzens-Universität in Graz.* Graz: Leuschnner. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY.

GOBBI AGRHYASUTRA, das, hrsg. u. übers. v. F. Knauer. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Simmel. 3 M. 60 Pf.

LE HÉRICHE, E. *Les étymologies difficiles (celles que Littré a déclarées inconnues).* Paris: Maisonneuve. 6 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCHOLA SALERNITANA.

London: Dec. 27, 1887.

The theory of Mr. Mullinger ascribing the School of Salerno to Saracen influence seems to be inconsistent with what may be called the medical evidence. De Rienzi, whose elaborate work on the School of Salerno* forms the principal authority on the subject, and Halsey, the historian of medicine,† are agreed that the medicine of the earliest Salerno doctors whose works survive is purely "Hippocratic." The school shows no traces of Arabic influence till the time of Constantinus Africanus (*circa* 1180 A.D.) though the fame of the school dates from a very much earlier period, and the Arabic influence does not become predominant until the middle of the following century when the unique prestige of the school was beginning to decline. On the other hand, Prof. Laurie admits that there is no evidence for connecting the origin of the school with Monte Cassino. And what *a priori* plausibility is there in attributing the rise of a school in the Principality of Salerno to the existence of a monastery of some eighty miles off in the Principality of Capua? Benedictine monks were not, as some people seem to imagine, itinerant in their habits. De Rienzi accounts for the rise of the school by three facts: "1. The knowledge of the Greek language in southern Italy. 2. The preservation of a Graeco-Italian literature. 3. The preservation of a native medicine (*una medicina propria*) derived directly from the Latin medicine."‡ I have no doubt that this represents the real state of the case. The "revival" was not due to any extrinsic impulse. The medicine of the old Graeco-Roman world had survived in Southern Italy from the causes above mentioned, just as (in consequence of different political and social conditions) the Roman law had survived in Northern Italy. Both studies began to revive when Europe at large began to revive, though the revival of medical science at Salerno preceded the revival of legal science at Bologna. The Saracens had as little to do with the one as with the other.

H. RASHDALL.

TRAMPS' LANGUAGE.

Wrenbury Parsonage: Dec. 21, 1888.

I know nothing of Mr. Leland's lists of these words; but I am willing to supplement Mr.

* *Collectio Salernitana.* Napoli, 1852, ii., pp. 116-118.

† *Lehrbuch der Geschichte der Medicin.* Jena, 1852.

‡ *Collectio Salernitana*, ii., p. 112.

H. T. Crofton's with some examples that occurred to me in learning Romany more than thirty years ago.

I.—*Persons.*

Ges'timer } a magistrate or justice.
Pókkonus }
Tom'-pat, a parson.
Króker, a doctor.
Múmper, a tramp.
Múskro, a policeman.
Mort, a daughter.
Fóky, people.
Bóshárdy, a pregnant woman.

II.—*Animals.*

Képhyl }
Prád } a horse.
Grás }
Késsig, a mare.
Méilor } an ass.
Mólson }
Mor'ghen } a rabbit.
Shúshai }
Máthticóve, a cat.
Lágprat, a fish.
Dun'nux, a cow.

III.—*Money.*

Bar
Kutár } a pound.
Kúttér }
Finnif, a five-pound note.
Schúfel Finnif, a bad ditto.
Kúllér } a shilling.
Kálor }
Bool, Búl, a crown.
Vonger, money.
Wedj, silver.

IV.—*Clothing and Furniture.*

Krees, a saddle.
Blácky, a tin vessel.
Hórer } a clock.
Yewr }
Skipsy, a basket.
Kúrrú, a quart.
Sóopen, a watch.
Blácthy, coal.
Crab-shells, shoes.
Stamp-drawers } stockings.
Olivers }
Tróopers, breeches.
Mill-togs, shirt.
Teil }
Star'dy } hat.

V.—*Food.*

Tinglers, onions.
Spréddum, butter.
Spénton, cream.
Póplars } broth.
Sim'my.

VI.—*Places and Things.*

Rom-kain, a gentleman's house.
Veil, town or village.
Kitshímér, an alehouse.
'Attam, a church.
Gránum, a barn.
Fóros, a fair.
Humble-bump, a hayrick.
Plimmer, a stone.
Jigger, a door.
Stigger } a gate.
Klapper }
Gatter, rain.
Graft, work.

VII.—*Seasons.*

'Attam-day, Sunday.
Mal-dívvus, Christmas.
Stretcher, a year.

VIII.—*Other Words.*

Jilt, to shut.
Ex. "Jilt the jigger" (shut the door).
Hatch, to remain.
Ex. "Hatchi Kootshi" (stop a little longer).

Fake, to play.

Ex. "Fake the boshamingy" (play the fiddle).

I offer these as samples of this Mumpers' or Tramps' talk, which I think Mr. Borrow somewhere called "The Germania." The word "Shelta" I never heard.

T. W. NORWOOD.

"TILHABÉ."

Sare, par St. Jean de Luz, Basses Pyrénées :
Dec. 22, 1886.

Some half mile above the Pont and Pène d'Esquit, which separate the upper part of the Vallée d'Aspe from the lower, is an exposed open field, which has been pointed out to me as the Tilhabé, or place of assembly of the Jurats of the Upper Valley before the Revolution. The current interpretation of the name by the natives is "Les Tilleuls," "The Limes." I at once remarked that if lime trees ever grew there, they must have been sheltered by buildings now destroyed. I asked how near any one knew of a lime tree. None was remembered nearer than at Sarrance or Estcot, some miles farther down the valley. In the lately published *Dictionnaire Béarnais* of M. Lépy a suggestion is mentioned, made by M. l'Abbé Menjoulet, that the word might come from the low-Latin "Tilha, qui signifie accusation, citation en justice. Gloss. Du Cange." I have not Du Cange at hand; but in Migne's *Lexicon Manuale* I find "Tihla, Saxonibus accusatio, postulatio, compellatio, quasi titulus accusatorius. (Leg. Canut. reg.)" So many customs in the Pyrenees are identical with those of widely dispersed races that I should be much obliged if any reader of the ACADEMY would kindly furnish me with the text of Knut's laws in which the word occurs, or tell me if any word *Tilh*, or *Tihl*, exists in any Northern language. The bark of the linden tree was, I think, used as a writing material; but is there any further meaning of the word? The Basque pronunciation still clings to certain topographical names in this part of the Vallée d'Aspe; but I cannot trace the word in Basque.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

AUGURS V. HARUSPICES.

Manchester: Dec. 23, 1886.

May I call the attention of the two accomplished scholars who in two successive numbers of the ACADEMY have confused *augurs* and *haruspices* to Prof. J. B. Mayor's note on Cicero (*De Natura Deorum*, i. 26, 71)?

This saying of Cato the Censor (*Div. ii. 11*) was probably inspired by a feeling of contempt for the *Tusci ac barbari*, as they are styled by the jealousy of a Roman augur (*N. D. ii. 11*). Cicero, who prided himself so much on being a member of the augurial college, is indignant when a *haruspex* is admitted into the Senate (*Fam. vi. 18*).

The confusion is common enough, and is sanctioned by a memorable cartoon in *Punch*. But has it any more classical authority? I do not think that Lord Salisbury would use of two of the bench of bishops language that he might possibly employ of a couple of Mormon elders or spiritualistic mediums.

A. S. W.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 3, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Words-worth versus Pope," by Mr. E. Gosse.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Art an Universal Language; Ideas conveyed by it as touching Human Nature," by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Hittite Empire," by the Rev. Dr. W. Wright.

TUESDAY, Jan. 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "Soap Bubbles," I., by Prof. A. W. Reinold.

8 p.m. Dialectical: "Individualism versus Socialism," by Mr. J. L. Shadwell.

THURSDAY, Jan. 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," V., by Prof. Dewar.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Chemical Action," I., by Dr. C. Meymott Tidy.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Ideas conveyed by Art as touching Inanimate Nature," I., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Carlyle Society.

FRIDAY, Jan. 7, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Experiments on Steam-Engine Economy," by Mr. E. C. de Segundo.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "Ornithes and Blastoids," by Dr. P. H. Carpenter.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," VI., by Prof. Dewar.

SCIENCE.

TIELE'S HISTORY OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA.

Babylonisch-Assyrische Geschichte. Von C. P. Tiele. 1 Teil. (Gotha.)

THIS volume represents a remarkable series of "Handbooks of Ancient History" which is issuing from the press of a well-known German firm. These handbooks are arranged in three groups: the first dealing with the chief Oriental monarchies; the second with Greek history, and also with later Persian and Parthian history; and the third with Roman history. One of these works has already appeared, *The History of Egypt*, by Wiedemann, and portions of three others—the first volume on the Roman empire, Greek history down to the Persian wars, and the work before us. Dr. Tiele intends to deal with the whole history of Assyria and Babylonia down to the fall of the later Babylonian empire. In this first instalment of his work he gives an elaborate introduction, and carries the history as far as the death of Sargon II. The second part will treat of the remainder of Assyrian history, of the rise and fall of the Babylonian empire, and of the religion, art, and literature of the dwellers beside the Tigris and Euphrates. The work appears in German, not, like the same author's book on the history of religion, in Dutch; and the preface informs us that it is, to all intents and purposes, a translation by J. J. A. A. Franzen. Though a comparatively popular book—beside one of Prof. Schrader's works, for instance—it is by no means a slight, showy performance, as a glance at the preface and the first few pages clearly indicates. The list of more than fifty authorities which we find at the beginning is, in itself, suggestive of scholarship, and the impression is fully borne out by the book itself.

It is thoroughly learned, and yet, on the whole, clear and interesting in a degree by no means common in the productions of the German school. Dr. Tiele seems to have made himself acquainted with most of the original texts, as well as with all the leading works bearing on the subject which have appeared in England, France, and Germany. For the sake of clearness, the narrative and the detailed criticism are, to a large extent, kept distinct. We have in each section a statement of what the author considers to be fairly certain, with few or no marginal notes; and then, printed in different type, additional details and discussions of doubtful points, with many references to the inscriptions. The whole is broken up into paragraphs to facilitate reference; but, unfortunately, these are neither numbered nor described.

The introduction, which fills nearly one hundred pages, deals with the sources of our knowledge, with the country and the people, and with the chronology of the subject in a very instructive and interesting manner. The references in the Old Testament are declared

valuable, but the Book of Daniel is pronounced an historical romance, and therefore unfit to be classed among the sources of history. Herodotus is handled more gently than by Schrader and Sayce. The unsparing criticism of the latter is characterised, in Dr. Tieles opinion, by great penetration, but his decision is declared to be far too harsh and one-sided. Ctesias is of course severely condemned, while the fragments of Berossus are considered to indicate an intelligent acquaintance with original authorities. The position of Niebuhr, that the writers to whom we owe these fragments have in no instance taken them directly from the work of the Babylonian priest, is mentioned as possible. Dr. Tieles account of the inscriptions which bear on his subject is copious and able. They are arranged under three heads: (1) inscriptions which deal with long periods, lists of Babylonian kings, eponym lists, synchronous tablets, &c.; (2) royal inscriptions, such as those of Assur-nazir-pal, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar II., &c.; (3) private inscriptions, contract-tablets and seal-cylinders. Assyrian history is pronounced more reliable than Egyptian in that there is far less deliberate falsification. Defeats are of course passed over in silence, and the narrative is always one-sided, but there seem to be few instances of intentional misrepresentation. About some of these records Dr. Tiele is far less confident than certain other Assyriologists. The fragmentary inscription referring to the thirty-seventh year of Nebuchadnezzar II., which is declared by Sayce and even by Schrader to refer to a Babylonian campaign in Egypt, is spoken of very cautiously as "a small fragment . . . which has been believed to contain hints about an Egyptian expedition"; and the theory positively propounded by several English scholars that the large collection of contract-tablets found at Hillah in 1876, represents the documents of a Babylonian banking firm, in which the principal was named Egibi, is pronounced "destitute of sufficient foundation." The suggestion that "Egibi" is a Babylonian form of the name "Jacob" is not even mentioned. This enumeration and description of authorities is followed by a valuable account of the labours of European scholars in the publication of texts and translations and histories based upon them, in the course of which the merits of all the leading Assyriologists are briefly discussed, on the whole in an impartial way.

The following wise and kindly remarks may be recommended to the consideration of any who are tempted to underrate the achievements of scholars in this department of research:

"It would be unjust, on account of the faults which have been committed, to forget how much good work of permanent value has been produced. That a helpless clumsy character like that of the cuneiform inscriptions is now legible, that the Babylonian-Assyrian language is now generally recognised as one of the so-called Semitic group, that the outlines of its grammar have been ascertained, that we understand, on the whole, the purport of the texts composed in this language, that in this way a flood of light has been poured on the previously obscure history of one of the imperial nations of the East, and an important piece of antiquity has, so to speak, been conjured out of the grave, is all owing to the acuteness of Assyriological science, and its disciples. The latter were compelled at first to resort mainly to conjecture, and they achieved in this manner astonishing results. To deny this, and to attempt thereby to depreciate the value of their discovery because they have made mistakes, as was inevitable, would be like refusing to recognise the merit of Columbus, and the value of his discovery, because he imagined the new world to be the West Indies. On the other hand, what has been already accomplished must not close our eyes to that which has been hitherto sadly neglected."

The section entitled "The Inhabitants of Mesopotamia" (vii.) deals at some length with the much-debated question of the relationship of the older language of Babylonia. Dr. Tieles rejects the name "Accadian," which has been adopted by so many Assyriologists, and is strongly indisposed to admit Turanian affinities. Yet he is so far from accepting the alternative theory of Halévy and Guyard, that this so-called Accadian, or Sumerian, is only another way of writing Assyrian, that he can scarcely comprehend how a man of learning and penetration can maintain such a strange position. He seems to consider a positive decision in the present stage of the inquiry premature; but pronounces the hypothesis which lies at the basis of the Accadian theory, namely, that the peculiarities of the cuneiform writing are explicable only by the assumption that it was originally intended for another language than the Assyrian, to be by far the most probable. He calls this language, which may or may not have been non-Semitic, "Old Chaldee," because what was later on called Chaldaea "was certainly its starting-point in Mesopotamia." The superiority of this name to "Accadian" or "Sumerian" is not very obvious, as the name "Chaldee" is not found before the ninth century B.C., while the oldest title of the Babylonian kings is "king of Sumir and Accad."

In the interesting account of the provinces and cities of Babylonia and Assyria, forming the subject of the two following chapters, two identifications which have found much favour with Assyriologists are mentioned in a very sceptical way. The "Ur" of Abraham is generally believed, with Schrader, to be the "El Mughair" of the Arabs. Dr. Tieles coldly observes that this identification, though not impossible, is not proved. Again, the tower of Babel is identified by Schrader either with Babil on the left side of the river, or with Birs Nimrud (Borsippa) on the right side. Dr. Tieles considers the latter site impossible, because Borsippa is always spoken of as a distinct place, and was too distant from Babylon for the supposed outer wall of the great city to enclose it. He also rejects Schrader's theory that the name Nineveh in later times included Dur Sargon (Khorsabad), Resen, and Calah, as well as Nineveh proper.

The history is divided into four periods: 1. The old Babylonian period, from the earliest days down to the time when Assyria was sufficiently strong and independent to contend with Babylon on equal terms. 2. The first Assyrian period down to the accession of Tiglath-pileser II. in 745 B.C. 3. The Second Assyrian Period, from 745 B.C. to the Fall of Nineveh. 4. The New Babylonian Empire.

In treating of the first period, Dr. Tiele makes no attempt to deal with the Deluge Tablets as a source of historical knowledge, putting them on one side apparently as purely mythical. He despairs of tracing Babylonian culture to its earliest home. The belief that it originated on the shores of the Persian Gulf seems to him uncertain, but he is not able to fill the gap with any other satisfactory hypothesis. Babylonian history begins for him with Sargon I., whom he regards as most probably either of Semitic descent or a representative of Semitic sovereignty. He is sceptical about the early date assigned to this king by Nabonahid, the thirty-eighth century B.C., and is disposed to regard the quaint story of his concealment when an infant in a basket of reeds as a solar myth; but he is compelled to admit as solid fact the amazing statements of the inscriptions about his mighty empire "extending from Elam to the coast of the Mediterranean and the borders of Egypt, nay, even to Cyprus." So early as 1850 B.C., he thinks, the supremacy of Babylon had been

established for centuries. The criticism of the narrative in Genesis xiv. is ingenious, though not altogether satisfactory. Arioach, king of Ellasar, is positively identified by Schrader with Eri-aku, king of Larsa, the son of Kudur-mabuk. The statement that this Kudur-mabuk was "Adda Martu," which means "conqueror (or 'father') of the west country," has been supposed to refer to a conquest of Canaan, and the name "Chedorlaomer" has been illustrated by this name Kudur-mabuk and some Elamitic names which occur in the inscriptions. Dr. Tiele admits the Elamitic character of the name "Chedor-laomer," recognising the latter part of it as "Lagamar," the name of a deity. He admits also that "Eri-aku" and "Arioach" are very similar, but is disposed to read Erimagu instead of the former. The expression "Adda Martu" is interpreted with Sayce as "Father of the West"; but the fact that this prince is elsewhere called "Adda Gamut-bala," "Father of Gamut-bala," a province in the southwest of Elam, leads him to conjecture that the west country spoken of was a much nearer region than Palestine. He also argues that the word "Father" would be an inappropriate designation of the conqueror of a foreign country. "The whole resemblance between the inscriptions and this chapter in Genesis is limited to the correspondence of the names Arioach and Eriaku, which reading is possible, but by no means certain; and the expression 'Adda Martu' applied to Kudur-Mabuk." While some writers go too far in finding parallels between Hebrew and Assyrian authorities, our author scarcely goes far enough.

His treatment of Assyrian history, about which we possess comparatively full information, is very careful and instructive, but at times rather wearisome. This is due in part, no doubt, to the dry matter-of-fact style of many of the Assyrian records, but it is also partly owing to some deficiency of imagination in the writer. He might have enlivened his pages with more of the curious expressions employed by Assyrian conquerors in proclaiming their achievements and their piety: the inscriptions of Assur-nazir-pal, for instance, abound in striking phrases, like those which are so frequent in Hebrew poetry.

The correspondences which are usually found between the Jewish annals and the Assyrian records from the time of Shalmaneser II. to the accession of Sennacherib are mostly admitted. "Jaua, the son of Omri," from whom Shalmaneser received tribute, is identified with the Jehu of the Bible. If we accept Schrader's remarks about the Assyrian use of the word "son," the charge of inaccuracy which Dr. Tiele brings against the Assyrian chronicler in speaking of Jehu as the son of Omri is groundless. "Ahabbu Sirlai," one of the allied kings, defeated by Shalmaneser in the battle of Kar-kar, 854 B.C., "is most appropriately identified with Ahab of Israel." One of the inscriptions of Tiglath-pileser II. is considered to contain a reference to Azariah (or Uzziah) of Judah. In speaking of the conquest of Samaria, he agrees with Schrader in charging the Hebrew historian with ignorance of the fact that the king who began the siege died during its progress. The last kings of Samaria, Menahem, Pekah, and Hosea, and the kings of Damascus, Benhadad, Hazael, and Rezin, are all recognised in the inscriptions. The Assyrian name of "Benhadad" is, in Dr. Tieles opinion, "Ramman-idi," or "Daddu-idi." The "Jau-hazi of Judah," named by Tiglath-pileser II., is, of course, regarded as the "Ahaz" of the Bible, but the curious fact that the Assyrian name contains the name "Jau," that is "Jehovah," is passed over without comment. Pulu is unhesitatingly identified with the Poros of Ptolemy, the Pulu of a recently discovered list of Babylonian kings, and the Tiglath-pileser II. of the

Assyrian inscriptions. It is suggested that he was a younger member of the royal family who made use of the confusion which prevailed in the last years of the reign of Assur-nirar II. to seat himself on the throne. The chronology of the Israelitish history of this period is rejected as thoroughly unreliable.

The general tone of the work, it will be seen, is exceedingly cautious and often sceptical; while the attitude towards the Old Testament is characterised by a tendency to find the mythical element in the older portions and inaccuracies in the later ones. The discovery of a solar myth in Exodus, the description of Noah and Nimrod as "legendary persons" in the same category with Nisroch, Anammelech, and Adrammelech, and the relegation of the Book of Daniel to the sphere of the historical romance, are rather startling suggestions for English readers. The writer, who is so reserved as to many theories of scholars, is absolutely dogmatic here. Nevertheless, the book cannot but be very helpful to the English student, for it gives the most important results of recent research in a compact form. A few mistakes and inconsistencies could, of course, be pointed out; but it would be ungenerous to lay stress on them, as the presence of some errors is inevitable in the first edition of a work of this kind, especially when one person supplies the material and another the form.

W. TAYLOR SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EASTERN SPREAD OF CHALDEAN THOUGHT.

Peking: Sept. 21, 1886.

Careful investigation was made long since by Profs. Whitney and Weber into the Hindu knowledge of the stars and of mathematical science, and the origin of much of it was traced to the Greeks and Chaldeans. I. B. Biot thought the Hindus derived their twenty-seven lunar mansions from the Chinese. The Chinese may claim the invention of this zodiac till the cuneiform inscriptions yield it up, which, perhaps, they will some day do. The Hindus adopted Greek words on mathematical subjects in a wholesale manner. They are *κέρπον*, *λεπτόν*, *τρίγωνον*, and others. I see them cited from Weber in I. B. Biot's work. Also, Prof. Max Müller and other distinguished Indianists assert that the Hindu week, with names of gods attached, is of foreign origin. But so is the Devanagari writing, as is now admitted.

The way, therefore, is perfectly open for estimating the amount of Chaldean influence on India in astrology, cosmogony, cosmography, medicine, physical theory, and numerical science before and after the Persian conquest. One of the best results of the long discussion on the Nakshatras was to show that Greece and Babylon both had a decided influence on Hindu thought.

The effect of Chaldean thought on China began to be examined very soon after. In 1862 Biot's work, *Etudes sur l'Astronomie Indienne et sur l'Astronomie Chinoise*, was published. In 1865 Dr. Chalmers, of Hong Kong, published his article upon the Astronomy of the Ancient Chinese in the third vol. of the "Chinese Classics." In it he refers parts of the astronomy of the Shi Ki to communication with Bactria, opened up 140 B.C. To this he rightly attributed the knowledge possessed by the Chinese of the cycle of Callippus. He represents the Chinese as having borrowed from the Hindus the cycle of twelve years, which is connected with the period of Jupiter, each year being marked by two cyclic characters and a foreign name. The knowledge of the five planets, and the five colours with the five elements, Dr. Chalmers in this treatise, and in his *Origin of the Chinese*, refers to a Chaldean

source, and he identifies the Chinese western goddess, Si Wang Ma, with Venus. He also finds in the *Zendavesta* a strong resemblance to the Chinese arrangement of the days of the month in decades with a single cyclic character. He refers to the very old Chinese division of days into lucky and unlucky, their burnt sacrifices to heaven, and human sacrifices to the dead, as instances of indubitable Western connexion.

In 1870, in my *China's Place in Philology*, I devoted forty pages to the comparison of ancient Chinese beliefs and usages with those of Babylon, Nineveh, and Persia. Among other points of connexion were mentioned river embankments, astronomical observatories, philosophy of the elements—that is, the physical theory pervading astrology and medicine—numerical categories of thought, measures, chariots with horses harnessed abreast, the dual philosophy, the practice of imperial government, writing, astronomy.

In 1875 Prof. G. Schlegel published his *Uranographie Chinoise*, in which he traces the Western astronomy to China, thus reversing the view held by Dr. Chalmers and myself. This work is full of interesting facts regarding Chinese astronomy; but the author believed that the Chinese began to observe the stars 17,000 years ago. This paradox diminishes the value of the book.

In 1880 M. Terrien de Lacouperie joined Dr. Chalmers and myself in the undertaking to show the Babylonian connexion with China. He has drawn attention to resemblances in writing, and maintains that the *Yi King* is a collection of Babylonian lists of words. Prof. Douglas has accepted this view, but the opinion of other Chinese scholars is still unfavourable. I am convinced myself that the *Yi King* is a book of Chinese divination, in parts older than the time of Wen Wang, 1120 B.C.; and that it constitutes a genuine relic in its sixty-four heads of sections, and in many parts of the text of the period 2000 to 1180 B.C. Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie has done good service by directing attention to the languages of South China in old times, and to the ancient embassies from Cochin China not mentioned in the classics, but alluded to in the annals of the Han dynasty. I believe he is right in saying that Taoism was the outcome of connexion with India (letter in ACADEMY, August 7, 1886). I have stated the same thing independently in various articles, and in a review about to appear in the *Journal of the China branch of the Asiatic Society*. He is right, too, in identifying the Assyrian tree of life with the calendar tree of the Chinese legend, and in referring the Chinese mythical lists of ancient kings to a Babylonian origin; but he was wrong in assuming their antiquity in China to be greater than the time when they are first mentioned in Chinese literature.

The following canons I have found of great service:—1. To allow for myths only a brief existence before the date of their first mention. This rule cuts off all the primeval myths not found in the classics, including those in Mencius regarding Shun. Such myths are only useful for research in regard to Babylonian and Hindu connexion in the age when they first occur in books. 2. To strip from Fuhi, Shennung, and Hwangti all mythical accessories, and let them, with other old kings, appear as real Chinamen. We thus secure what is absolutely essential—a longer period for the development of the Chinese civilisation and language in the country itself. To identify these men with Babylonian kings is a hopeless enterprise. 3. To arrange all beliefs, usages, and facts chronologically. For instance, the calendar of the Hia, translated by Prof. Douglas, contains, along with valuable old astronomical data which Mr. Knobel has con-

firmed, instances of incredible animal metamorphosis. The book then must have been written at a time when these metamorphoses were believed—that is to say, after the Confucian period. This decision does not affect the astronomical part, which stands on its own evidence, and was inserted by the compiler from old documents. The same is true of the *Yueling*, in which again the astronomy is much older than the other part of this interesting old calendar of the third century B.C. 4. When anything of Babylonian, Greek, Hindu, or Persian origin appears in Chinese old books, the date of its introduction should be fixed at a time shortly before the first mention. Thus, for instance, in the principle of local value in writing numbers, on which I wrote in the ACADEMY of July 24, the date of its appearance in China is 542 B.C. We cannot state as a fact that this item of Babylonian knowledge or usage was known to the Chinese long before that time. I may mention here that after reading Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's remarks questioning my conclusion, I can see, in this instance, only a proof of the principle of local value being taken from left to right at the time mentioned. The Chinese always wrote every character from left to right, whether Ku wen, seal, li, chie, or running hand. As this is unquestioned by anyone, I think my friendly critic has mistaken the point. I regret not to have seen his paper in the *Numismatic Journal*. 5. To allow the fullest value to the mature judgment of native scholars of the new school on all points of archaeological research. Thus, the opinion of the Marquis Ts'eng is of considerable value on current questions discussed by foreign scholars.

With the help of these five canons, I have written various papers on the subject of this letter during the last few years in the ACADEMY, the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, the *China Review*, and the *Chinese Recorder*.

JOSEPH EDKINS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching will be held on Friday, January 14, at 11.30 a.m., at University College, London. The president (Mr. R. B. Hayward) will take the chair for the afternoon sitting at 2 p.m., when the following papers will be read and discussed: "The Teaching of Modern Geometry," by the Rev. G. Richardson; "The Modern Treatment of Maxima and Minima," by the Rev. J. J. Milne; and "Geometry from an Artist's Point of View," by Mr. G. A. Storey. Anyone interested in the objects of the association is invited to attend both meetings. During the year 1886 the following works have been issued: *The Elements of Plane Geometry*, Part ii. (corresponding to Euclid, books iii.-vi.), and a *Syllabus of Elementary Geometrical Conics* (Sonnenschein). A draft *Syllabus of Elementary Solid Geometry* has been sent out to members, and *Syllabuses of Arithmetic and Elementary Mechanics* are nearly ready.

THE Bern Naturforschende Gesellschaft celebrated on December 18 the centenary of its foundation. Delegates from the chief literary and scientific societies of Switzerland took part in the proceedings, at which papers were read by Dr. Studes, Dr. Graf, and others. Dr. Graf has undertaken to write a history of the society during the hundred years of its existence.

WE have received from Messrs. Trübner the second part of the new series of the *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales, issued August 23 last, which gives continued proofs of activity on the part of the various contributors. In biological subjects there are descriptions of new fishes by Messrs. Ramsay

and Douglas-Ogilby, and on the fish-genus *Tetragonurus*, *Risso* (*Ctenodax*, *Macleay*); a very interesting memoir on the earth worms of Australia, by Mr. Fletcher, one on the Freshwater Rhizopoda of New South Wales, by Mr. Whitelegge; on Lepidoptera from the Fly River, by Mr. Meyrick; a monograph on the beetle-genus *Diphucephala*, by Mr. W. Macleay; the first portion of a revision of the Staphylinidae of Australia, by Mr. Olliff, and the continuation of Mr. Masters's Catalogue of the described Coleoptera of Australia, bringing the number of the species up to 4,417. In botany, there is a good article on Mount Wilson and its Ferns by Mr. Trebeck; and in geology there are papers on Australian tertiary fossils by Captain Hutton; on Glaciation in the Australian Alps, by Mr. Stirling, and on the recent eruptions in the Taupo Zone of New Zealand, by Prof. Stephens.

THE United States Geological Survey has recently issued Nos. 27, 28, and 29 of its *Bulletin*. The first of these pamphlets gives a record of the work lately carried on in the chemical and physical departments of the survey; the second is an essay, by Mr. G. H. Williams, on the Gabbros and Diorites of Baltimore; while the third is a description of some new fresh-water molluscs and crustaceans from the Jurassic strata of North America, contributed to the *Bulletin* by Dr. C. A. White. Mr. Williams's work deserves especial recognition as a valuable addition to our knowledge of the metamorphism of eruptive rocks—a subject which is just now engaging much attention. In Germany it has been specially studied by Lossen and Lehmann, while in this country it has been successively taken up by Mr. J. J. H. Teall and Prof. Bonney. The chief point in Mr. Williams's paper is his clear proof of the alteration of augite to hornblende. Some good chromo-lithographs accompany the paper.

WE have received from Japan one hundred *Japanische Wetterregeln*. Uebersetzt von E. Kuipping und K. Kawashima. The publication is in double columns—the Japanese on one, and the German translation on the other, both in Roman characters. These maxims show close observation of the clouds at different seasons, and there are a few on the habits of birds and animals and the leaves of trees as weather prophets. The last, "When the cat eats grass, rain is coming," is current also among the Basques.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. A. W. VERRALL, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has for some time past been engaged upon a critical edition of the *Septem contra Thebas* of Aeschylus. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

M. ALFRED CROISSET, professor in the faculty of letters at Paris, has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, in the place of the late Ch. Jourdain.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Babylonian Astronomy in the West, the Aries of Aratus," by Mr. Robert Brown, Jun.; "The Four-Eyed Dogs of the Avesta," by Prof. C. de Harlez; "The Babylonians as a Maritime People," by Mr. Th. Geo. Pinches; "The Sinim of Isaiah—not the Chinese," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.

THE last number of the *Journal Asiatique* contains an exceedingly ingenious article by M. Clermont-Ganneau upon the famous "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN" of Dan. v. 25-8. He points out that *mene* is "the

mineh," *tekel* the Aramaic form of *shekel*, and that *pheras* occurs on a lion-weight from Nineveh, now in the British Museum, in the sense of a "half," that is to say, "a half-mineh." In accordance with this, the words are interpreted allegorically in the Book of Daniel to mean "to count," "to weigh," and "to divide." M. Clermont-Ganneau gives reasons for supposing that the *u* of *upharsin* is not the copulative conjunction, but has been wrongly detached from the preceding word, which is really a verbal form terminating in *-u*, while *pharsin* may be read either as a plural or as a dual. Hence we get the possible renderings: "He has reckoned a mineh; they have weighed 2 *pheras*"; "Mineh by mineh they have weighed the *pheras*"; "For each mineh they have weighed 2 *pheras*"; "Mineh by mineh weigh the 2 *pheras*"; "For each mineh weigh 2 *pheras*"; "A mineh is a mineh; weigh two *pheras*." In any case the expression would have been a proverbial one, like our "Six of the one and half a dozen of the other." In the feast of Belshazzar and the handwriting on the wall M. Clermont-Ganneau sees a scene taken from an iconographic representation, and refers in this connexion to the Egyptian vignettes depicting the throned Osiris watching the soul of the defunct while it is being weighed before him.

PROF. THURNEYSEN of Jena has recently pointed out the connexion between the *Hispanica Famina*, published by Mai in the "Clas- sici Auctores," v. 479, and the Luxemburg fragment found by Mone and edited by Prof. Rhys (for the sake of its Old-Breton glosses) in the *Revue Celtique*, i. 348-351. The late Henry Bradshaw had noticed this connexion, though he seems never to have published his discovery. Prof. Thurneysen now shows that Rhys's *saino* should be *samo*, abl. sg. of *samus* = *σάνως* "a height," and that the Breton gloss on *samo*, viz., *ancou* (death), is due to the glossographer's misreading the Latin gloss *mone* as *morte*. He also makes it probable that Rhys's *ingema[4]*, the Latin gloss on *domescas*, should be *ingenia*. Stowasser's explanation of *sennosus* by "gratitatis," in such sentences as *sennosus motibus ruinant pabula*, and his reference of this word to *σενός*, are proved erroneous. *Sennosus* is a derivative of *senna* "tooth," from the Hebrew *סֶנֶן*, or rather *Syriac shennō*. In a copy of Gildas's *Loria*, preserved in the Book of Ethelwald (Cambridge Public Library, LL. i. 10), *sennas* is glossed by Anglo-Saxon *toeð*. In the same MS. *binas idumas* is glossed by *twa honda iduma*, which proves that Stowasser errs in explaining as meaning only the right hand.

Y Gomerydd, das ist—Grammatik des Kymraeg oder der Kelto-Walischen Sprache. Von Ernst Sattler. (Zürich und Leipzig.) This is a strange book, the author of which knows a great deal about his subject, but thinks proper to place on his title-page the exponent of one of the maddest whims concerning Welsh ever suggested, namely that the word *Cymraeg*, the Welsh word for the Welsh language connects itself with *Gomer*. The work undoubtedly contains a great deal of information about the language; but it also contains a great deal that is very misleading, consisting partly of printer's mistakes and partly of errors for which the author himself must be held responsible. Take for example his account of Welsh sounds. In almost every instance he is wrong in theory or in matters of fact. This last may be illustrated by his account of Welsh *f* (sounded like English *v*), of which he says that it has the (purely) labial sound of South German *w*; and as his authority he quotes Sievers, from which it may be gathered that neither of these learned men has ever heard a word of Welsh spoken in his life.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Thursday, Dec. 2.)

I. H. BAYLIS, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. T. Bent read a paper on "Homeric Parallels from Modern Greek Life," in which the following subjects were treated of:—Reasons for the continuity of myth and custom in the remoter Turkish islands; a modern village assemblage like a Homeric one; a pilgrimage on Karpathos; parallels from Homeric meals; the singing, dancing, and game playing just as described by Homer. Female life—spinning at the loom; embroidery; at the wells; fear of raven's croak; a washing pic-nic on Samos compared with Nausicaa's; treading in trenches the dirty linen; mountain cave life; cheese making, and tending of lambs like that described in Homer's account of the cave of Polyphemus; the superhuman strength of Cyclopes compared with modern dragons; imagined strength of ancestors illustrated from modern life. The nymphs of the streams and glades still existing in Nereids; marriage with Nereids and god-like progeny; the manner of catching Nereids compared with that of Proteus; superstitions concerning sneezing; the sun and its similarity to Hyperion; Helios acting as spy and messenger. Death parallels; similarity between the modern Charon and the Homeric Hades. The Apocalypse of the Virgin compared with the tenth Odyssey. Death walls; the laying out of the dead; the dirges sung by relatives; quick burial compared with similar accounts in the Homeric poems.—Dr. Fitz Patrick confirmed what Mr. Bent had said, and instanced further parallels, many of which are to be accounted for by the fact that Christianity had never succeeded in driving out the old Pagan customs.—Mr. Justice Pinhey said that some of the customs mentioned by Mr. Bent still existed among the Brahmins of India.—Mr. J. T. Micklithwaite contributed a paper on "The Remains of an Ankerhold at Bengeo Church, Herts." This had been lately recognised as a *Domus inclusa*, and clearly proved by the evidences of the stonework, or, rather, the blocked-up holes in it which received the ends of the roof timbers. It appears that a wooden hut had been planted against the outside wall on the north side of the apsidal-ended chancel, and an entrance rudely broken into it from the chancel. There are no signs of the existence of a door, so that the anker would pass freely from his den to the church. Such liberty was indeed not usual, and it seems to have rather rested with the recluse himself to settle the degree of strictness under which he chose to retire from the world. The hold measures about eight feet in length, the width is uncertain, and the height about six feet. A recess in the chancel wall outside indicates the anker's seat, and probably his sleeping place also. From the rudeness of the work Mr. Micklithwaite was inclined to give to this little refuge a date earlier than the fourteenth century.—Admiral Tremlett exhibited a plan illustrating a system of disposing of the remains of the dead in prehistoric times, and of which only three examples have as yet been found. The case in question consists of a series of three chambers, stone-lined and connected by narrow passages, all of which were examined and measured in 1885. These remains are situated at Kerindervelen, near Kermarquer, Carnac. Admiral Tremlett also exhibited a drawing of a Roman cinerary urn, ornamented, from Finisterre.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Dec. 9.)

THE president in the chair.—Mr. Allen Browne read a paper on the remains of a workshop of flint implements discovered in the Creffield Road, Acton, from which 600 specimens were procured, many of which were exhibited.—Mr. Ferguson sent an account of a Roman altar found near Birdoswald, and of excavations at the Roman Camp near Ravenglass. Not much, however, was found.—The Dean of Chester exhibited a small silver gilt chalice with a crucifix on the foot, and a knot on the stem ornamented with faces. The hall-mark was a Lombardic capital T, the mark for the year 1496-7. The Bishop of Dover exhibited some mazers from Canterbury, one of which, made about the year 1540, had a print of the Virgin Mary seated; and another bore the motto—"In the name of the Trinity, fill the cup and drink

to me."—Mr. Maskell exhibited a beautifully carved Dutch tally board. A silver seal of the fourteenth century was also exhibited, representing the Virgin and Child, with a kneeling figure, and the motto—"Me tibi virgo trabe traho surge veni Nicolae."

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Dec. 20.)

COL. YULE, president, in the chair.—After a few preliminary remarks from the president, in which he again had to announce a heavy loss to the society, owing to the death of one of its councillors, Mr. Arthur Grote, Prof. R. K. Douglas, in the absence of the author, read a paper by the Rev. S. Beal, entitled "Some Remarks on the Narrative of Fa-Hien." This was mainly an endeavour to reconcile certain doubtful passages in the travels of the Chinese pilgrim as recorded in the available texts, whether in respect of verbal interpretations or the identity of places. Among other interesting facts brought out by the retrospect, one is that Buddhism was thoroughly established in Khotan at the time of Fa-Hien's visit, for he relates that he found 10,000 priests and fourteen large convents there, besides smaller ones; and, moreover, that most of the priests, including those of the principal monastery of Gomati, were given to the study of the Great Vehicle. It proves that at this early date the system known as the Mahāyāna had become so well established as to reach a comparatively remote region. Mr. Beal surmises that it may have penetrated into Khotan rather from Turkistan than from India Proper; and his consequent deduction is that the principles of the Great Vehicle, mixed up as they were with philosophical speculations and doctrines strange to Primitive Buddhism, were greatly derived from foreign sources. Thence the pilgrim travelled westward to Tsen-ho and Kie-cha—the latter presumed to be Kash, "or the river region," the *Cassia Regio* of Ptolemy—from which point he went on in a still westerly direction, towards India, crossing the Tsung-Ling, explained to be the Snowy Mountains. The last of the many suggestions thrown out for the solution of difficulties in the text referred to Tava, and Palembang (the Chinese Sribhōja) in Sumatra. It was not clear whether Fa-Hien stopped at either place, but the inference was in favour of the latter. "Yava" was a term supposed to apply to all the fertile lands of Sumatra and Tava (corresponding to "Bhōga"), and Sribhōja to be the central point of these districts, corresponding to the neighbourhood of Palembang, where we ought to seek for and find many Buddhist remains.—Prof. Douglas and the president adverted to one or two points which offered for discussion.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Dec. 20.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. H. W. Carr read a paper on "Malebranche." The works of this philosopher are of great interest from the point of view of the history of philosophy, particularly with regard to the development of the Cartesian movement. His famous doctrine "that we see all things in God" was an attempt to solve the difficult problem presented by the dualism of Descartes. He exercised a wide influence not only on his immediate followers, but on other schools more or less opposed to his principles, notably on Bishop Berkeley. His principal work, *La Recherche de la Vérité*, was examined at some length in order to show the relation of his leading doctrines to contemporary speculation, and also to modern transcendental theories.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

Early Flemish Artists and their Predecessors on the Lower Rhine. By William Martin Conway. (Seeley.)

The increase in the attention paid to the early art of the Low Countries during the last few years is remarkable. A considerable number of books and pamphlets have been published—some devoted to the collection of materials for the biography of the artists, others containing notes on their works, and attempts at classifying and grouping the pro-

portionately large number of those of which the authorship is uncertain. The writer of the present volume seems to be fairly well acquainted with this recent literature. He has not, however, contented himself with making a history out of the materials at hand; but he has tried to find out what manner of men these early artists were, in what sort of a society they lived, whence they drew their inspirations, and what was their ideal. And it is in great measure owing to this attempt that the present volume is far more interesting and instructive than anything yet written on the subject in English. As the author remarks—

"It is only by entering into the life of the folk, reading the books of their great men, looking at the works of their artists, considering what it was towards which they aimed, and what it was they most universally admired, that the modern spirit can be brought in contact with the mediaeval spirit."

And it is to the author's necessarily limited and partial acquaintance with the inner life of the Netherlandish folk during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries that the shortcomings in this book are chiefly to be ascribed.

The opening chapter is devoted to a study on the rise of painting in the North, followed by an essay on the guild system and its effect upon art. "The workman was taught to make his work first of all things good. To produce what was a piece of sound workmanship was of more importance than to paint a striking picture." The authorities of the guild looked after the members. Bad materials found in their possession were destroyed, and the owners fined. Any instances of scamping were rigorously punished. If doubts arose in the customer's mind as to whether the work delivered was properly executed, he had but to refer to the guild officers, who would always see that a contract was honestly carried out. However contrary to modern ideas, I fully agree with Mr. Conway that the mediaeval arrangement was far superior to our own. No craftsman, no artist could become a master without first proving that he knew his art. The public were consequently far better protected against imposition than nowadays. But though the guild system assured good and honest work on the one hand, and fair and just payment for it on the other, it did little else; at most it may have helped to keep up local traditions.

Art in the Low Countries in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, was national and Christian. At no time was there more perfect harmony between the people's faith and the structure of their lives than then. And just as there was no sunderance of Church and State, no opposition of religion and science, so was there no splitting up of art into religious and secular. Christianity permeated everything through and through, and that is why the art of this period alone really deserves the title of Christian. It is to be regretted that Mr. Conway has passed over in silence the pictorial work of these centuries with the exception of the productions of the school of Coeln.

In the fifteenth century Netherlandish art attained its highest technical perfection, but the decay of Christianity had begun to make

itself felt. Strange to say, the princes and prelates who have been praised as the great promoters of art in the Low Countries were those who really did the most to corrupt and destroy it. Art had been the handmaid of religion and a powerful agent in the education and civilisation of the people. These men sought to make it the minister of their pleasures. Henceforward in the Low Countries it is easy to distinguish two schools: the one represented by Hubert van Eyck, Van der Weyden, Bouts, Memlinc, and Gerard David clinging to Christian and national traditions gradually dying out as morals decayed and faith diminished; the other by John van Eyck, Gossaert, and Van Orley, losing first the spirit of the old school, and then throwing up all its traditions and forms. Mr. Conway is quite right in saying that "the art of any generation depends not upon its knowledge, but upon its ideals of Faith and Hope"; and, when the ideal passes away, the art it called forth passes with it. The mediaeval artists had ever before them the highest ideal, the leading quality of which was neither power nor physical nor even intellectual strength, but purity of heart, absolute stainlessness of soul. The Renaissance artists had a variety of ideals, but all human—intellect, power, strength, and, above all, beauty of form; and this fact of abandoning the highest ideal, and turning their back upon it in contempt, is sufficient by itself, nay, can alone account for the decay of Christian art.

Chapter iii. is devoted to an examination of the character of fifteenth-century Flemish art, the four next to the works of some of the more distinguished artists, and to an essay on the influence of the school, more especially of Roger de la Pasture's, better known as van der Weyden. These read as if they were a series of separate lectures, or papers contributed to a periodical, which would have been all the better for being in some measure recast. It would have been well also in a popular work such as this to have made clearer the relation of the masters to one another.

The modern designation of "Flemish" as applied to the early school is incorrect and misleading. We know that the art centres in the fourteenth century were Coeln and Maastricht. Flanders, in the mediaeval period, did not produce a single artist of note. Those who settled in its cities came either from (1) Coeln, or from (2) the Meuse, Brabant, and Holland, or from (3) Hainault. The second introduced the element of landscape, the third the dramatic element. The first were Low-German folk (Memlinc); the second partly Low-German (the Van Eycks, Cristus, Bouts, David, Agnen, Pourbus), partly Walloon (Gossaert, Le Patinier, Bles); the third exclusively Walloon (Van der Weyden, Marmion). The change, then, which took place under the Van Eycks and their followers cannot correctly be said to be "the result of a transference of art from German to Dutch and Flemish hands"; neither is it true that "the paintings of Flanders were not, and were not intended to be, popular." On the contrary, the Low Country folk took an immense interest in the pictorial adornments of their churches, chapels, and public buildings, the sums paid for which were often made up of a number of

small contributions from humble folk; and we know, from contemporary records, that at Bruges, for instance, the people flocked to the churches on festivals to feast their eyes on the altar triptychs then set wide open, and on the rich storied tapestries with which the choir and chapels were hung on such occasions. At other times they had the paintings which covered the walls not only of the town churches, but even of many a village chapel.

Mr. Conway has devoted special attention to the examination of Roger van der Weyden's work, and the wide influence he exercised is well accounted for, but he has not dealt with the earlier and contemporary work of the artists of Tournai and Hainault. The history of the rise of landscape painting is also ably sketched. I have, however, shown elsewhere that there are good grounds for believing all the landscape backgrounds in Gerard David's pictures to be the work of Joachim le Patinier.

There is so much that is good in this book that it is to be hoped that Mr. Conway may some day give us a complete history of the early Netherlandish school of painting, and thus supply a great desideratum. To accomplish this it will be necessary to get a clear idea of the geography of the Low Countries and of their inhabitants. It may be hoped that then such odd statements as, for instance, this: that Bouts, of Haarlem, was a more thorough Fleming than his Tournai-born master will no longer raise the reader's smile. He must devote special attention to the art of the previous centuries. I would also strongly urge him carefully to compare the earliest works of Bouts, Gerard David, John son of Justus, and Gerard of Saint John's—all deriving from Haarlem; and those of Roger van der Weyden and Simon Marmion and their influence on Memline. I would also advise him to adhere to some system as regards Christian names. I prefer the old common-sense system of translating all Christian names into English; but if this is not followed, then surely they ought to be given in the bearer's own native tongue. It is absurd to talk of Hubert and Jan van Eyck, St. Bavon's Church at Ghent and St. Jacob's at Bruges. Such misspellings as Martin van Nieuwenhoven for Nieuwenhove, Barbera and Christofor should also be avoided. With respect to style, any suggestion of the popular lecturer is a disadvantage to a book containing matter on which obviously considerable thought and painstaking have been bestowed, doubtless intended and, I can truly add, fitted to attract readers of another stamp than the audience of an ordinary lecture-room.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MANY of our readers will be interested in hearing that the Autotype Company are about to publish reproductions of ten of the finest of the etchings of Méryon, with notes upon them by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. The plates have not yet, we believe, been quite finished; but the result, so far as we have seen it, promises to be entirely satisfactory. This is the more curious as Méryon has hitherto baffled all efforts after successful reproduction. The nearest approach to success was obtained, if we remember rightly, in one or two reproductions

to illustrate an essay of Mr. Hamerton's. The "Abside"—to illustrate a paper of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's—was but a poor affair; and not much more is to be said for the somewhat bleared "Morgue," in Mr. Seymour Haden's *About Etching*. It will, therefore, be especially pleasant to welcome reproductions which may, for the first time, set Méryon's work happily before the eyes of the general public, who cannot hope to possess even tolerable impressions—still less, very fine ones—of the rare original prints.

THE Fine Art Society will have on view next week a collection of drawings by Mr. A. N. Roussoff.

IN the course of next spring, Messrs. Christie will sell the almost unrivalled collection of prints belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. They include the following sets:—(1) A nearly complete collection of Rembrandt's etchings, wanting only a few which are almost unique or doubtful—they come from the Aylesford, Esdaile, Hawkins, Verstolk, and other collections, and several are in various states; (2) the complete etched work of Ostade; (3) the complete etched work of Vandyck, in the finest states; (4) a nearly complete collection of the works of Albert Dürer, including the rare etchings on iron plates; (5) works of Marc Antonio and other Italian engravers; (6) a complete collection of the engraved work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the finest proof states; (7) a superb copy of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," including etchings and engraver's proofs; (8) a complete collection of the engraved works of Lindseer, the proofs being in progressive states, from the etchings to the finished copies. The catalogue is being prepared by Mr. Andrew M'Kay, of the firm of P. and D. Colnaghi & Co. The duke's celebrated collection of miniatures will not be offered for sale.

The *Year's Art for 1887* will contain an article by Mr. Reginald Winslow upon "Art Copyright," which will deal shortly but completely with the question.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Berthelot read a paper on "Certain Metals and Minerals used in Ancient Assyria and Chaldaea." By the help of chemical analysis he had investigated the substance of several objects from Assyria and Chaldaea with interesting results. A sacred tablet from Khorsabad was found to be entirely composed of pure carbonate of soda—a rare substance even at the present day. Among the objects brought back by M. Sarzec from his excavations at Tello are two remarkable examples of the employment of metals without alloy. One is a vase of pure antimony; the other is a statuette of copper without any trace of tin.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. H. A. JONES is certainly one of our most prolific, as well as one of our ablest playwrights; and the big melodrama which, under the temporary management of Mr. Charles Wyndham, he has just produced at the Princess's is a proof, if proof were needed, of the originality of his method. But he has chosen what is for the most part a very unpleasant theme; and we do not know that a chiefly unpleasant theme is quite permissible in melodrama, though it may be in poetry, since poetry gives it "the ideal life," and though it may be in the comedy of social discussion, since that too—witness the comedy of M. Dumas fils—is redeemed by the literary touch. But even a man who writes very well cannot write very

well in melodrama; and if he did, much of his writing would be deprived of its effect, for in melodrama the play alone, "the play's the thing." Still, it is conceded that Mr. Jones has done his work as it needed to be done—has set forth his gruesome tale with enough of ingenuity and power. To his aid comes good scenery—the pictorial presentation of a very various world of town and country—and some measure of capacity among the actors, among whom Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Dorothy Dene are the most prominent. Mr. Warner is an artist of great and unflagging vigour. He throws himself heart and soul into what he does, and this of itself is a treat. As to his methods too, they are sound and accepted, and practice has made him perfect in them. At the Princess's we welcome him back to the scene of his earlier successes. Miss Dorothy Dene—known to the large public by more than one canvass wrought upon by the President of the Academy, and known now already to a smaller one by her painstaking and intelligent efforts in acting—is a heroine who meets with success. We hope that time may give her the flexibility, the complete control of her art, which an admired personal beauty, the beauty of "faultlessness" as it is called, can never permit her with impunity to dispense with. Meantime, in the new melodrama she pleases many.

THE performance of "Strafford"—the latest effort of the Browning Society on the stage—was not attended, it seems, with quite the measure of success which we have been glad to note in the Society's earlier performances. Not on that account, however, is the Society fairly to be accused of paying but "blundering homage" to the master, a knowledge and appreciation of whose work it has in many places done much to diffuse. Were the present a convenient moment for writing on the matter in detail, we could set forth at length the reasons why "Strafford" could not hope to be as successful as one or two others of Mr. Browning's plays. But for the present, it must suffice to recall to our readers how, for a general audience, it is deprived too much of the interest of the passion of love; and of how, at the Strand last week, it wanted what the other plays have had—the assistance of the most poetic actress of the day. Miss Alma Murray—too busy lately with melodrama—was not strong enough to appear. Miss Webster has her own merits; but Lady Carlisle may not be altogether her part. For Strafford, too, there was wanted perhaps an actor of more weight and experience than the gentleman who did his best with it, very intelligently, we are sure, in the place of a famous tragedian. But these were accidents, and the Browning Society is not to be discouraged by them. Better luck for the performance another time! The Browning Society, with its record of success, could have afforded even a failure, if need were.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL BOOKS.

The Abbé Liszt. By Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort. (Ward & Downey).

THE story of the life of the famous pianist-composer has been related again and again in dictionaries, monographs, biographies, and newspaper articles. The incidents of his eventful life being thus well known, a new book on the subject, to be of any value or interest, ought to show originality of style, and besides to treat of the character of Liszt as a composer, his influence on musical art, and the position which he is likely to hold in the future. The author, however, fails to satisfy us either in the manner or matter of his book. The greater part of it is

nothing more than an epitome of the well-known life of Liszt by Miss L. Ramann. He follows her steadily chapter by chapter; the headings are often exactly the same (we refer to the English translation by Miss E. Cowdery); whole sentences are copied almost *verbatim*; while in many others there are but slight alterations. So exact at times is the copy that even Miss Cowdery's mistakes are reproduced. For example, she speaks of Beethoven's Second Symphony as the one in D sharp, and of Chopin's First Concerto as in E flat; so also does Mr. de Beaufort. Miss Cowdery speaks of Liszt's "progress in reading the score, in composing, and playing at first sight." Our author gives this sentence with its uncomfortable *demonstrative*; but by carelessly omitting the comma after "composing" makes confusion worse confounded. Of slight metamorphoses, the following is a fair sample; we choose it on account of its brevity:—"His choice fell on a young Austrian of pleasing exterior and gentle manners," wrote Miss Cowdery, speaking of Liszt's father. "His choice fell on a young Austrian of prepossessing appearance and gentle manners," writes our author. When Miss Ramann fails him—for her volume only goes as far as 1839—he finishes his story with copious extracts from Liszt's letters and from those of George Sand, Daniel Stern, and Wagner. The whole of chap. xxi.—thirty-five pages—is a transcript from Miss Amy Fay's book, *Music Study in Germany*; but in this and in other instances just mentioned, our author carefully names the sources from which he drew.

It may be said that we have no right to expect in a mere story of Liszt's life a critical examination of his compositions. But Mr. de Beaufort has much to say about Liszt's youthful productions. He carefully points out—assisted by Miss Ramann—what he considers the foremost of his pianoforte pieces, written at Vienna. He names his most important masses, so there surely ought to have been some comments on the "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies, on such symphonic poems as "Les Préludes" or "Tasso," on the pianoforte concertos, and last, but not least, on the numerous songs written by Liszt. But no mention is even made of most of these works. Whether or not Mr. de Beaufort's opinions—had he given them—would have added much towards the solution of the vexed question of Liszt's position as a composer is extremely doubtful. In support of this statement, we turn to the book. He shows in one part how weak his technical knowledge of music is; and a man cannot write satisfactorily about a matter which he does not understand. In chap. ix., speaking of the youthful productions of Liszt, occurs the following:

"It is worthy of remark that, unlike most composers, Liszt's productions are written in 2-4 time. The same remark holds good as regards the key. Franz Liszt and Franz Schubert are, it is believed, the only composers who wrote their variations in G flat."

Our author, wishing to abridge, has selected two or three remarks from the English translation of Ramann (vol. 1, pp. 132-3); but his sentences, as they stand, convey no sense at all. It would be waste of time to show how incorrect and incomprehensible they are. Then, again, at the end of the book, just when our author seems approaching the important question, he declines the task. In one place then he shows incompetency, in another he almost acknowledges it. Such a man would surely be no safe guide.

It is needless to add that the volume, drawing from many good sources, contains much that is interesting. Three portraits are given—two of Liszt, and one of the Countess d'Agoult. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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